The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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SOLDIER SCOTTY DIES ON HIS GUN; 30 HUNS GO FIRST

Youngest Man in Regiment, Perhaps in Army, Joined Service at 15

NONE BETTER AT SHO-SHO

Boy Who Never Used Razor Got Kid Games from Aunts Last Christmas

Private First Class Albert E. Scott died last week on the field of honor.

He was the youngest man in his regiment and his colonel thinks he was the youngest man in all the A.E.F.

In the regiment they are talking these days of all the good pals they lost in the fierce, unforgettable chase they gave the Germans in the great retreat from the Marne. But most of all—a little oftener and a bit more fondly—they talk of Scotty.

"He was a good kid," they say, "and he died on his gun."

Scotty was only 15 and still going to high school back in Brookline when war came to America and he held up right his hand. Though he stood no more than five feet six, though his fair hair was curly and very boyish, though his mother probably wondered how even an overworked recruiting officer could ever have mistaken him for a grown-up, he was husky enough to pass for the 18 years he boldly claimed.

Eager to Go, and He Went

Afterwards, there was some worried suggestion that he'd better stay home with his folks, but there were so many men in the outfit who knew the family, so many officers his father knew, above all he himself was so pleadingly eager to go, that when, one fine day in September, the regiment sailed away, Scotty, barrack bag, rifle, mess kit and all were stowed away in the hold with the rest.

In all his soldiering, Scotty never appeared on sick report, was never late at formations, never hid from dirty details. It was only once in a while that the older heads in the company were reminded how very young he was.

They could not help thinking of it when they found that the birthday he was celebrating one bleak November day in the monotonous training area somewhere in France was only his 16th. Nor when they realized he never knew the pride of using that shiny razor which had been thoughtlessly doled out to him along with his housewife and shoe brush in the camp back home. Nor when Christmas came and brought with it for Scotty some kid games from his Down East aunts, who had forgotten it was a soldier they had in France.

Never Was a Better Kid

On such occasions, the company commander was worried over his responsibility, and one day he formally appointed the supply sergeant as Scotty's guardian. The sergeant saw to it that he wrote home regularly, went to mass every Sunday and gave every buvette a wide, wide path. Not that he needed watching, for, as the supply sergeant said, there never was a better kid than Scotty.

It is true that once he was absent for some unaccountable hours in the major's automobile. That was why they reduced him to a buck private. But they restored him to his original rank the first day they saw him with a sho-sho gun.

The French officers who came to instruct in the use of that light, automatic machine gun which fires 18 shots in a twinkling, found it was the youngster of the regiment who mastered it first and who, before many weeks had passed, became the best shot of them all. He was such a wonderful gunner that older soldiers were proud to be his feeders, because they knew their gun would do the most damage with Scotty at the sights.

Deadly Quiet and Cool

And cool. He was always a quiet one, but under shell-fire he became deadly quiet and cool as a cucumber. They found that out back in April, when a shell struck the edge of the parapet, throwing the gun into the trench and burying it, the boy and his feeders in an avalanche of dirt. Scotty wriggled out, extricated his beloved sho-sho, took it in his arms, and with never a word to anyone, marched 15 feet along the trench, set the gun up again and went on firing.

But his great chance came when, on

Continued on Page 2.

ALL NEW YORK CITY IN BIG KNITTING BEE

Seventh Avenue and Plaza Folk to Toil in Central Park

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

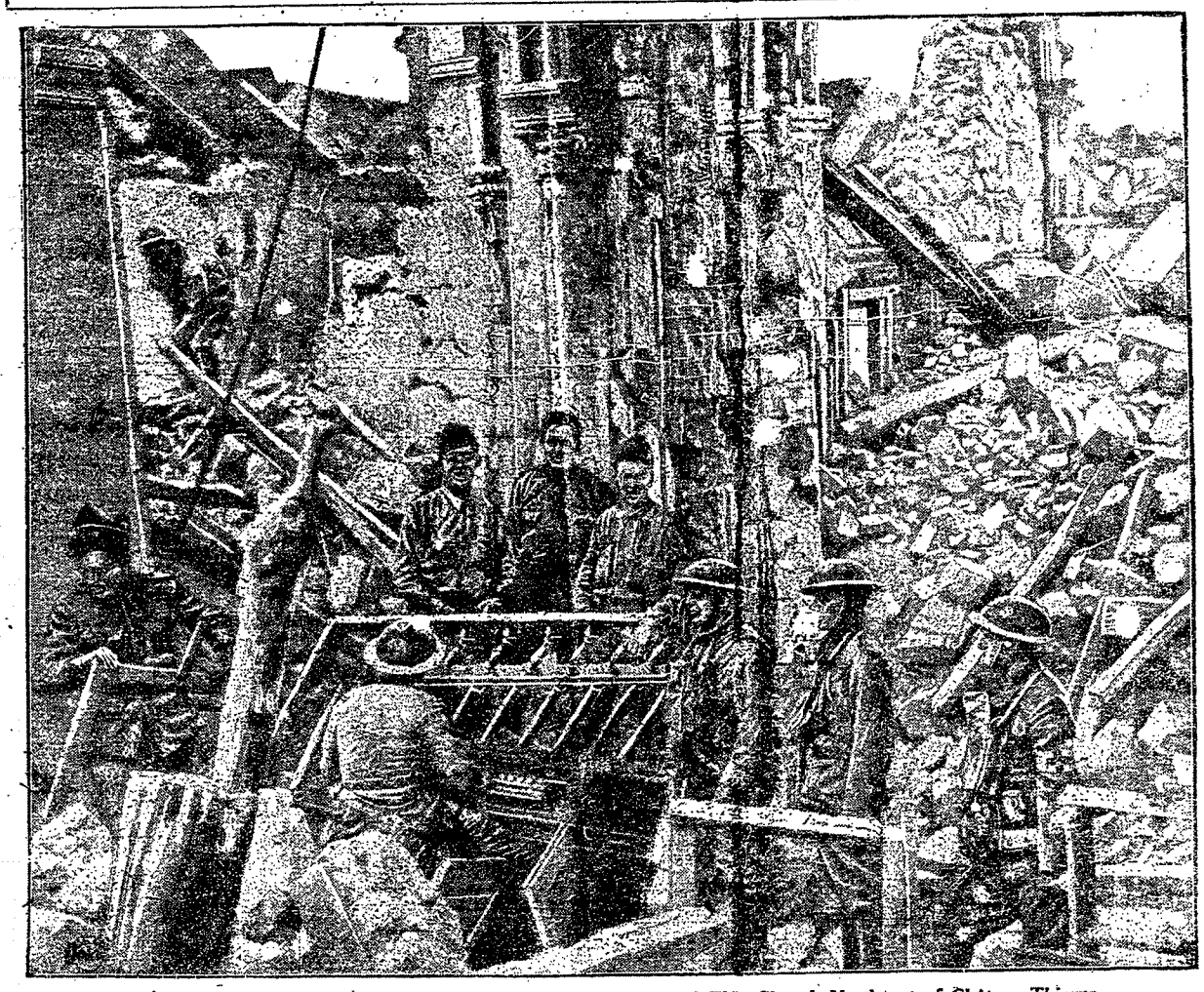
AMERICA, August 1.—Ye village knitting bee has descended upon New York. Gotham the proud has put on its specs and will mingle tout ensemble in a three days' festival of "catch and twist and over and catch." Central Park is to be the scene of this latest orgy of fashionable war work.

Whether or not the lion and the lamb are to lie down together on the lawn, in order to make this millenial festival complete has not been announced. It is certain that Seventh Avenue and the Plaza are scheduled to click needles side by each and that socks for Doughboy Israelewitz will grow under the same spreading chestnut trees where a helmet for Colonel Claverly-Amsterdam is being done in silk and merino.

Democracy at its knitting will no doubt be photographed and feted to a fare-ye-well, but the prospects are that the Yanks over there, who have failed to show any signs of cold feet to date, will not be allowed to get chilblains anywhere else, not even on their trigger-fingers.

"Quantity production" is the aim of the knit-fest.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST — NEW STYLE



Only the Organ Remained Intact When Americans Reached This Church Northeast of Château-Thierry

THREE CHAPLAINS TO EACH REGIMENT WATCH YOUR STEP

Congress Passes Bill Providing One to Every 1250 Men

No chance for members of the A.E.F. to stumble off the Straight and Narrow now. Not a chance in the world. For the Thin Highway has a triple guard in place of the lone chaplain sentry who used to patrol the narrow beat, herding wandering souls back into the proper fold.

It's all due to the fact that Congress has passed a bill providing for a chaplain to every 1,250 men, three soul-savers to a regiment, thereby relieving the pressure on the lone guard, who, with 3,600 huskies in his flock, had too much ground to cover, no matter how fast he was on his feet.

It isn't that the A.E.F. has developed wickedness or has come upon any growing sin. It was merely a matter of not taking a chance and of providing relief for an overworked organization, where the spiritual odds of 1 to 3,600 had become a trifle lopsided, not to say warped.

To meet this change and to provide for the instruction of new chaplains in the work ahead, a combination school and rest house has been opened near G.H.Q.

Course in Human Nature

This school is not arranged as any theological course. Its main purpose is to offer a course in human nature where chaplains who have served up with the men and know their needs and ways can instruct the new chaplains in the right way to get next to the men, to find their needs and to know how these needs must be met, spiritual, mental, psychological and otherwise.

The job is a big one, with something more than the spiritual side. There is advice to give, mail to be censored, comfort to be rendered, money to be sent home and a few hundred other intimate details that need constant attention.

All creeds gather at the school. The work is far beyond any one sect. It is no longer a matter of narrow religious belief, but of the greater gospel of care, fellowship, and friendly aid.

The new chaplain army, one to every 1,250 men, is being brought over with all possible speed.

With the triple guard once on duty, the Straight and Narrow should be as easy to travel as an open road through camp.

DUBBIN NOT FOR FEET

Dubbin, dubbin, who's got the dubbin? To be more specific, who has been using the Q.M.'s issue of dubbin for foot grease?

Dubbin, as supplied by the Q.M., is intended for greasing shoes and for reclamation work, which does not include the reclamation of feet. "It is entirely unsuitable for application to the skin," says a new bulletin from G.H.Q., "and will not be used as a foot grease under any circumstances."

30,000 ELKS IN SERVICE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—According to an announcement by Bruce Alexander Campbell, new Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, that fraternal organization now has 30,000 men in service with the nation's military forces.

CROIX DE GUERRE NOW LEGALLY WORN

President Approves Bill Giving A.E.F. Right to Decoration

Decorations bestowed on American soldiers by the Governments of any nation at war with the Central Powers may now be worn without violating any law of the United States.

The Army Appropriation bill, as approved by the President last month, gives the specific permission demanded by the Constitution of the United States before foreign decorations may be worn.

The bill also stipulates that American citizens who have received since August 1, 1914, decorations for distinguished service in the armies or in connection with the field service of the nations at war with Germany shall be permitted to wear those decorations on entering the military service of the United States.

This act, among other things, allows men who have been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government to wear it without flying in the face of the Constitution. It also permits General Pershing to wear the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath bestowed on him by Great Britain.

237 BASEBALL STARS MUST WORK OR FIGHT

Reprieve Until September 1 Granted by Secretary of War

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—While club owners asked for a reprieve until October 15, Secretary of War Baker couldn't see it that way, although he finally granted a reprieve until September 1 so far as the "work or fight" order went.

This "work or fight" decree affects 237 stars, which means, of course, that it will bring an end to any big league campaign on that date. The managers, however, believe that they can now finish the season by doubling up on games and that by selecting the best men from smaller organizations they can put a world's series across.

So there will be 31 more days of big league baseball before the stars of the game who are still playing will have either to work or fight in a final forced realization that the only real game left today is that of beating the Hun.

MOUTH DISEASE IS HERE

Some kind of a mouth disease is abroad in the land—not foot and mouth, just plain mouth—and folks in the A.E.F. are as likely to get it as anybody else. For this reason medical officers in many units have issued a request that the toothbrush be used after every meal.

"It is only by constant attention to the condition of their mouths that men can keep free of this disease and not lose time from their work while having their teeth treated," is the general advice of the orders.

It is recommended that all men suffering from sore gums or discovering supposed sores in their mouths report them to their medical officer at once.

"THE COMMAND IS 'FORWARD'"

Late one afternoon, and a fireless Yankee regiment that had already pursued the retreating Germans across more than ten miles of France was resting for a few moments in a roadside ditch, a battered old road that wound its shady way through the ancient forest of Fère. You would have seen them all luxuriating in their breathing spell, the young lieutenants lounging comfortably, the battalion commander sitting with his back propped against a tree.

His name was Leahy—Capt. Francis M. Leahy of Lawrence, Mass., one who had done his turn in the ranks and who used to tell of the days when he was orderly to Capt. Pershing out in the Philippines. He had just caught the signal from down the road that the regiment was to fall in and move on when, whining out of space, came a German shell.

It plowed up the earth and stretched on the ground several men who were just getting to their feet, wounding some of them. It hit the tree against which the captain was leaning and snapped it off like an asparagus stalk. A piece of the shell struck the captain in the back and tore its way through his chest.

"Goodbye, boys," he said, and his head sagged forward.

Then it was as if, somewhere in the universe, a Commander Invisible had called "Attention!" Captain Leahy raised his head. With clearing voice, he spoke the name of the officer to whom it would be his duty to turn over the battalion in the event of his being called away.

"Lieutenant Hansen," he said, "the command is 'Forward.' See the boys through."

Then he died.

NEW RECORDS SET IN SHIPBUILDING; MORE BIG PLANTS

Steel Cargo Steamer is Launched in 27 Days on Great Lakes

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Shipbuilding is proceeding throughout the country at an ever increasing pace.

The record recently set by the launching of the 5,000-ton cargo steamer Tuckahoe in 27 days was almost cut in two this week when a 3,500-ton steel ship was launched 14 days after the keel had been laid by the Great Lakes Engineering Company at Ecorse, Mich.

At the same time wooden shipbuilders at Newington, N. H., established a record in their field of construction by completing all the square framing and erecting the steel posts of a 3,500-ton ship in 58 hours. The best previous record was 70 hours.

Big Extension Plant

A destroyer was launched at the Mare Island Navy Yard 70 days after the keel was laid and 17 and one-half days after the first plate was put on. It is named the Ward and is of the latest and largest design.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation has perfected plans for converting 150 acres adjoining its present plant at Alameda, Cal., into an extension costing $25,000,000. The big Hog Island plant now is 95 per cent completed and will be finished at a total expenditure of $55,000,000. The site is now entirely rid of mosquitoes at a cost of $250,000. The Government has taken control of all the turbine making plants in the United States to speed the war output.

A ship output is planned for Labor Day which will exceed the great number launched on July 4. It is hoped to launch at least 100 ships.

Charles M. Schwab, general director of shipping, declared, after a trip to the Pacific coast, that the country in 1919 will complete 10,000,000 tons of shipping.

Mr. Schwab expressed himself as highly pleased with the situation.

MAJ. GEN. HARBORD NEW CHIEF OF S.O.S.

Maj. Gen. Kernan Assigned to Other Important Work in Europe

The following official statement has been issued for publication:

Major General Francis J. Kernan, who has done exceptionally good work in carrying out the plans of General Pershing in the development of the S.O.S., has been assigned to other important work in Europe for which he is peculiarly fitted and of necessity will relinquish the command of the S.O.S.

His successor will be Major General J. G. Harbord, who has been closely identified with the development of the A.E.F. and in whose sound judgment, executive and administrative ability General Pershing has the greatest confidence.

The vast importance of the work of the S.O.S. necessitated this detail, although General Harbord's recent work in the field has proven him a leader of exceptional worth in battle.

BAN ON CAMERAS STRICT AS EVER

Members of Relief Organizations Must Turn Theirs In

The ban on cameras for men of the A.E.F. has not been lifted. On the contrary, it is now broadened to include all relief organizations engaged in A.E.F. work, which have been directed to cable to America forbidding any new man to board a vessel with a camera unless he is being sent especially for photographic work.

No one in the Army or connected with it can own a camera unless he has been directly authorized to carry one and has a pass to do so.

The various organizations affected by the order estimate that their representatives in this country have several thousand cameras, all of which will be called in and stored for their owners.

MINERS GOING STRONG

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, August 1.—Fears of another fuel shortage in the States next winter have been materially decreased by the recent performance of the country's coal miners.

In the week ending July 13 they established a record by mining 13,243,000 tons of bituminous coal, almost 3,000,000 more than in the preceding week, and a million tons above the average weekly requirements estimated by the Fuel Administration as necessary to keep the war program in full swing.

"KAMERAD" CRIES SAVED TILL LAST BULLET IS SPED

Germans Glad to Call Fight Off When Ammunition Runs Out

BRASSARD NO PROTECTION

American Hospital Corps Man Shot Down, but Huns Use Red Cross Litter to Carry Gun

The experiences the American soldiers have had in their share of the fighting between the Marne and the Ourcq have spread far and wide through their ranks a growing anger at the Germans.

They have been seeing with their own eyes and feeling with their own flesh some things they had read about and never believed. Go up through the country north of Château-Thierry and you will find they have a very real quarrel with the German Army. They have learned about Kultur from them.

It is easy to guess the emotions of a Yankee platoon, whose members have been cut down right and left by some hidden machine gun nests, when the gunners run out of ammunition and thereupon, in the most confiding and appealing manner, shout "Kamerad!" and want to call the fight off.

Chained to Their Guns

It is easy to guess the emotions of those Yankees who have seen with their own eyes German machine gunners chained to their guns—to guess the anger and contempt they have for each soldier who has to be chained and for the commanders that will chain him. More than one Yankee outfit has been witness to this thing.

But their feelings take on still another color when, as they are slushing through a golden wheat field they look up proudly at the airplanes bearing the French colors, only to learn a few moments later that they are masked German planes from which gunners pour fire into their ranks.

And when they found dead in the field a Hospital Corps boy who had been tending them indefatigably from the first and who was shot by a sniper while he was busy at his task in broad daylight in an open field.

They found him with one hand raised over his head and with his fingers still clutching the scissors with which he had been cutting a bandage from a wounded comrade's shirt. The brassard showed clear on his arm, but it did not save him.

Work of Fiendish Bullets

By chance, the same hand with its cross of red upon a field of white did not save a little group of German soldiers caught paddling up a patch with a litter that bore something stretched out under the blankets. The Boches wore brassards on their arms and they were carrying the litter most tenderly, but the Yankees who stopped them thought to peer under the blankets. The tenderly carried burden was a German machine gun, being taken to a place of safety.

It never got there.

The feelings such episodes as these engender are not abated any when, as happened many times during the fighting this week and last, Americans at work with the litters in the field or with the bandages in the regimental aid stations find the wounded brought in all mutilated as from the tearing force of something they believe to be an explosive bullet.

Nor are they abated by such stories as those brought back fresh from the bitterly contested streets of Sergy—stories of German machine guns set up and fired from the village church, set up and fired from under the protection of the Red Cross building established there—stories of American wounded bayoneted where they lay.

NO SAM BROWNES FOR K. OF C. MEN

New Order Is Aimed at Preventing Misdirected Salutes

Secretaries and chaplains wearing the insignia of the Knights of Columbus have been ordered by Lawrence O. Murray, overseas commissioner for the organization, to wear no belts, Sam Browne or semi Sam Browne.

The order has been given so that members of the A.E.F. may not fall into the mistake of saluting K. of C. men, who do not want the salute and can't return it anyway, so that the order will save both soldiers and secretaries much embarrassment.

The order, of course, does not apply to K. of C. chaplains who may be officially commissioned as Army chaplains and become thereby Army officers

ARMY PROGRAM READY

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—War Department plans for the huge Army program to be presented to Congress when it reassembles have been practically completed. While these plans have been rapidly finished, the Department has so far only hinted at their scope.

YANKEES HUMBLE GERMANY'S BEST IN OURCQ BATTLE

Prussian Guard Is Driven from Sergy in Hand to Hand Fighting

FORD RIVER TO MEET FOE

Ammunition Dumps Seized, Guns Turned on Hun—You Can Bathe in the Marne Now

The end of July, the end of the fortnight which launched the grandiose offensive of the Crown Prince, saw the Germans fighting more and more stubbornly in an ever narrowing pocket between Soissons and Rheims, fighting no longer on the Marne, but on the Ourcq, with Fere-en-Tardenois, the main crossroads of the pocket, reached, seized and held by the forces of the Allies.

The German offensive, which began badly, halted and then turned into a German retreat, had, in the course of a fortnight been characterized by the greatest capture of guns and ammunition the Allies have ever made on the western front and the deepest Allied advance in battle since the first Battle of the Marne.

The same historic fortnight confirmed the reports that Allied forces had taken a foothold on the White Sea, and that 10,000 kilometers from Chateau-Thierry Japanese troops were entering the war by way of far Siberia, two rallying points for all who hate and fear the German in that vast domain which was once the realm of the Romanoffs.

And word comes from Milan of the jubilant acclaim with which American troops were received in the streets of that Italian city as they marched through on their way to the Piave front.

August 2, 1918—and all's well.

News of the turn in the tide of events has slowly seeped into startled Germany, and even the official note of explanations makes illuminating reading. From its text, as set forth in the *Frankfort Gazette* and other Boche journals, this paragraph is not without its interest to the Yankee fighting man:

"Thus the destructive power of our enemies is far from being broken. The enemy is using reserves to which are being added daily American troops of which we should not underestimate the fighting worth."

Ourcq Another Antietam

The fighting worth of a good many American units was being tested by the Germans in the savage engagements fought from the beginning of this week, and the Ourcq has taken its place in pages of American history as another Antietam. Speaking at a dinner in Paris on Monday night, M. Andre Tardieu, High Commissioner from the French Republic to Washington, said to his hosts:

"Today on the Ourcq an American division beat the first division of the Prussian Guard."

That was describing in a sentence the climax of ten days of fighting—ten days in which Yankee troops pursued the Germans over a torn and reeking countryside, pushing ahead in some places as far and as fast as 15 kilometers in three days.

It was ten days of fighting against stubborn rearguards and nests of machine guns. What it means to clean up a forest with snipers in many a tree and every thicket deadly with a hidden ma-

Continued on Page 2

NATIONAL ECONOMY SHOWING RESULTS

More Grain and Beef, Sugar Restrictions, Bigger Cotton Yield

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—That the country has begun to make national economies effective along every line is increasingly evident.

In the grain States, threshing methods are being perfected, and it is estimated that 25,000 bushels of grain will be saved in each county where wasteful methods have hitherto obtained.

Arizona cattlemen loaded 2,500 steers on trains and hurried them from drought-stricken regions to the Black Hills National Forest, where the animals will be fattened on the abundant grasslands.

Beginning today, sugar consumption is restricted to two pounds monthly per person. The unusual spectacle of the bon vivant commercial traveler enjoying only two half-lumps or one teaspoon of granulated sugar in his morning coffee on the railroad dining cars will be one nation-wide result of the latest economy edict.

Everything Being Canned

Meanwhile, housewives everywhere and many housewives to be are doing an astonishingly big bit by canning every available bit of food stuff that can be put up. The whole nation has enormously increased its stock of preserved and canned goods of all kinds. For once in the nation's history, nobody is slacking in the kitchen.

As a reward for this, cotton experts have promised more goods for fancy culinary costumes. It is believed a way has been found to poison the boll weevil and to increase the seed cotton yield by 250 to a thousand pounds per acre.

Of course, all of this surplus will not go into dimities; much will be used in dynamite, T. N. T., and various other high explosives.

EDISON'S SON JOINS TANKS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Thomas Edison's son, William L., has enlisted as a private in the Tank Corps at Fort Slocum for preliminary training. At 19 he enlisted as a private in the First U. S. Volunteer Engineers, Spanish-American War, and saw service in Porto Rico.

AMERICAN UNITS EAST OF RHEIMS DID THEIR SHARE

Less Spectacular Part of Battle Even More Complete Check

HUNS HALTED IN TRACKS

Yankees Get in Great Work With Bayonet During Vain Thrust for Chalons

When, on the morning of July 15, the long-delayed German offensive was launched on both sides of unyielding Rheims, the world's searchlight swung along the line and settled at that point where, furiously resisted by Franco-Yanko Infantry and Artillery, the enemy slung his score of bridges and swarmed across the Marne.

There was movement there, movement and visible crisis, and the watching world was so intent that it scarcely noticed what was happening east of Rheims. It scarcely noticed what was happening because nothing happened. Twenty-five picked divisions from the armies of the Crown Prince flung themselves triumphantly against 35 kilometers of the Allied line. And nothing happened.

As surf dashes against a granite breakwater, so this huge, confident German army dashed against the Allied line. It is back where it started from, with 70,000 casualties to charge up to profit and loss. In the opinion of officers high in the French staff, this was the severest defeat either side had suffered on the western front in three years. It made possible the counter-offensive which was sprung three days later on the salient between Rheims and Soissons.

There is not a shadow of doubt that the Germans expected as swift an advance as they had experienced in their big thrusts in March and in May. But this time there were two elements present which had not been present in March and in May. One element was the exact advance knowledge that the French command possessed as to the place, the force and even the hour of the offensive. The other element was the American soldier—in great numbers.

The Yanks Drop In

That Champagne sector was commanded by General Gouraud, him they call the lion of the Argonne. He was the youngest general France had in August, 1914. One arm is gone now, one hip is shattered and the wound stripes on his sleeve are five. There were Americans among the troops who received his now famous order announcing that the offensive was at hand and that there should be no weakening. There was none.

The Americans had just dropped in. An unending stream of them had been passing by, bound for another job elsewhere, and it was a little as though the general had come out to his gate and said:

"Hello, Americans. If you're looking for a fight, there's going to be one here pretty soon. Come in and take a hand."

And they did. They got there just in time. They found themselves in one of the oldest and most perfect defensive positions on the front, a land so netted with trenches for a depth of many kilometers that it is like a wrinkled old face. There are so many of them and their web is so intricate that it is difficult to say of any line that it marks the second or third or fourth trench.

As the known hour on the night of July 14 approached, the Allied artillery got ready. Fifteen minutes before zero it began a startling and deadly fire which caught in their forward area the German divisions packed densely there for the intended advance.

Unforgettable Bayonet Work

Our fire kept them from going back and they had not yet received the order to go forward. Thus caught, they were so badly mauled that one division had to be withdrawn incapacitated at the last moment.

Then at the appointed hour the German barrage dropped its rain of death into our first line. But that first line was empty. General Gouraud had quietly drawn all his forces backward to an intermediate position a kilometer or so behind—and there they waited for the oncoming Germans, who did not know where they were.

When meet they did, the fight that followed was fierce beyond any power of words to tell. As far as the American units were concerned and particularly was this true of one regiment among them—there was precious little shooting, but such bayonet work as the men who saw and did it will never forget.

The battle line swayed a little. Here and there, the Germans pushed their way in, only to be pushed bloodily out again. It was a scrimmage indescribable, a fight to a standstill, and once when a party of Germans made off with a knot of French prisoners, a party of Yanks went howling after them and came back with the whole crew, German and French both.

The Men Who Waited for Death

That offensive on the line east of Rheims began at 4.17 on the morning of July 15. By 11 o'clock on the same morning, the Champagne offensive was over—definitely, completely finished. It had gained nothing, unless you count that strip of evacuated trench that was vacated before they started. Since then, at his ease and without meeting any resistance whatever, General Gouraud has quietly taken the greater part of it back.

And the Germans had expected to be in Chalons that same night—Chalons, a good 20 miles to the south. The captured orders show not only that they were to be there that night, but show, too, the officer personnel appointed to administer the town and distribute its rich food and wine stores to the triumphant army.

No Nearer Than Before

The Germans are now no nearer Chalons than they were the day they started, and if you leave it to any of the Americans who helped bar their path to tell the reasons, you will first have to hear their glowing account of the French machine gunners, who did not leave the first line trench at all, but stayed there alone to confuse the advance and cut to pieces as many of the Huns as they could before their own turn came, as come it surely would.

One of these machine gunners was not killed, but captured. Later he escaped. His brothers in arms welcomed back the dirtiest, hairest, tiredest, happiest poilu you ever saw, and they stopped all proceedings then and there to put another decoration on his already magnificent bosom.

YANKEES HUMBLE GERMANY'S BEST

Continued from page 1

chine gun, only those can tell who have lived through such memories as the Bois de Trugy and the capture of Epieds.

As the battle progressed, it became apparent that the Germans were going to make a stand, whether as a sacrifice to cover a further withdrawal from the dangerous pocket or as a point of departure for a counter-offensive to redeem the shattered prestige of the Kaiser's eldest, it was hard for the watchers on this side of the line to tell. But on the 27th, 28th and 29th the enemy resistance redoubled and there appeared in the path of the advancing Allies not machine gun rearguards, but counter-attacking German infantry, whole divisions ranged in position and under orders to stand fast.

Their line, as they hoped to hold it, seemed roughly the Ourcq, or if you would see it in terms of towns, the line that takes in Fere-en-Tardenois, Seringes and Sergy. Here the fighting became savage. Here towns changed hands again and again between sunrise and sundown. Here the Yankee troops whose business it became to take and hold Seringes and Sergy met and did battle with the Fourth Prussian Guards, the flower of the German Army.

To reach Sergy, they had to cross the Ourcq under fire—to storm their way across and up a steep wooded slope that separates the river itself from the heights to the north. They call the Ourcq a river on the maps of France, but the soldiers, with boyhood memories of the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, call it Ourcq creek.

With Bayonets Held High

At the place of their crossing it was no more than 20 feet wide and not more than four feet deep. They rushed it at dawn, crossing on bridges, wading across, with their rifles held high above their heads and the morning sunlight gleaming on their fixed bayonets.

They were breathless Yankees, stripped to the waist sometimes, and all of them dripping wet, who swarmed up the sheer slope in the face of machine gun fire and on the heights met and fought to a finish the Prussian Guards who were thrust into the battle to meet them.

The battle for Sergy meant the meeting of German and Yankee Infantrymen in hand to hand fighting in the streets of a battered town. Infantrymen fighting with machine guns, rifles and bayonets, slogging with the butts of their guns, fighting in the raw with the great weapon that the Ordnance Department cannot issue the clenched and angry fist.

All day and all night they fought, while the big guns of each side held their breath, afraid to fire lest their shells should find and wipe out their own men. Nine time the town changed hands. They were Americans who held it at the end. So it was at Sergy. So it was at Seringes.

Sometimes it is the little stories that tell best of such fighting over miles of battlefield.

Think of the colonel of a Yankee regiment who led his boys into the attack and who, when he found one of them in trouble with his machine gun, fixed it and fired it with his own hands.

Think of the sergeant who dropped as his platoon was rushing a deadly woods. He called out as he died: "They've got me, boys. Go on and give 'em hell."

Think of the Signal Corps men crouching low while the shells tore down their telephone wires, and rushing out to repair them while the shelling was still at its height.

Think of the little Irish corporal—his name is Jerry—submitting with ill concealed impatience while his pal from the Hospital Corps dressed a wound in his forehead. He was bandaged so that all you could see of his head was half of his left eye and he was put down by the roadside to wait his turn back in the ambulance. A moment later a lieutenant caught him stealing away, rifle in hand.

"Just ten minutes," he begged, "just ten minutes. I haven't killed one yet, and I must. Just ten minutes."

In Terms of Material

Ten minutes later he came back content to go to the hospital. The half-seen eye was twinkling.

"I got wan," he confided to the litter bearer.

They tell also, of one wounded man who escaped from the dressing station and was later found unconscious on the road. It was the road leading into the battle.

By such glimpses do you see the fight in terms of courage. You would see it in terms of material captured if you could watch the Yanks, grown mysteriously expert in the hurling of German hand-grenades—the potato-mashers, they call them. Or, if you had passed by a certain forest and inspected just one cache of German ammunition, abandoned in the retreat—large shells piled six feet high and stretching in a line three or four city blocks in length. Or seen Yankee gunners at work on German guns, now turned against their makers.

This capture of ammunition has been swollen by the fact that the Germans were driven from a ground they had been busily storing with material in anticipation of the Crown Prince's great offensive. But then no aspect of this battle can ever be appreciated unless it is always kept in mind that the Germans started it.

Resting Where They Had Fought

You could have seen it in terms of ground gained if, instead of measuring maps with a piece of string, you had been privileged to follow in the wake of the advancing Allied line, from the Marne to the Ourcq—watched the balloons move forward each day like high sentinels of the march, or seen tired regiments going into repose in the very shell-torn fields over which they had fought.

The very day that roaring Yankees were wading across the Ourcq, brothers of theirs were lazily luxuriously swimming in another stream where they themselves had fought—lazily, luxuriously swimming in the Marne.

M.P.'S SEMAPHORE TURNS THE TRICK

Not Every Military Signal Is a Hurry Call for a Barrage

This war game is full of liaison and camouflage. Sometimes they are blended into one mixture. And not all expert signallers belong to the Signal Corps. Also, there is more than one standard way to semaphore.

A short while back a traveling officer, waiting at a certain Z. of A. station for a few days, noticed that the M.P. on guard around the railroad yard had adopted a new form of semaphore. On one day the M.P. would describe a circular motion with his right hand as if drawing a large O. The next day the semaphoring would embrace all the motions of turning a crank.

The traveling officer observed that after the daily signalling had been completed, there was an immediate rush of M.P.'s and officers stationed in the village, each arriving with a hungry and expectant look. Whereupon, the sequel promptly developed.

Doughnut and Ice Cream Days

It seems that the Red Cross, at this station, furnishes certain supplies for troop trains passing through. One day it is doughnuts. The next day it is ice cream. On doughnut day the M.P. on guard makes the circular motion describing the large O. On ice cream day, he makes the grinding motion as if turning a freezer. The signal is relayed back through the village by other M.P.'s, it is promptly picked up by all in sight, and within a few seconds eager and alert officers and M.P.'s know from afar the menu that awaits them.

Those who don't like doughnuts wait for the ice cream code. Those who yearn for doughnuts, but don't care for ice cream, wait for the big O.

So far there hasn't been the slightest break in the winding line of communications from the railroad station to the farthest outpost.

FOUR LIGHTLESS NIGHTS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—A lightless Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday for an indefinite period began last week, by order of the fuel administration, for New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

For the rest of the country Monday and Saturday are lightless.

The Government bureau figures that illuminated advertising uses half a million tons of coal annually throughout the nation, and 16,000 tons in New York City alone.

NEW LABOR PLAN ON

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—The Government's labor recruiting and distributing machinery plan went into effect today. A State advisory board for each State is to supervise the apportionment among communities of the number of workers to be supplied to each.

Both employers and workers are represented on these boards. The President has named ten men suitable to act as umpires when drawn by lot to decide on the merits of any labor dispute which the National War Labor Board might disagree on.

Henry Ford heads the list, and others are Matthew Hale, of Boston; J. Harry Covington, of Washington; Charles Caldwell McChord, of Washington; V. Everitt Macy, of New York; Julian William Mack, of Chicago; Spry Zetzallo, of Seattle; John Lind, of Minneapolis; William R. Willcox, of New York; and Walter Clark, of Raleigh, N. C.

Labor leaders have asked the President's support for a new child labor law, replacing the one which was recently declared unconstitutional.

SOLDIER SCOTTY DIES ON HIS GUN; 30 HUNS GO FIRST

Continued from Page 1

that historic 18th of July, his regiment got the order for which, through many a month of dreams, it had longed—the order to advance. It went 18 kilometers without stopping, chasing the Boche up hill and down dale, fighting its way through patch after patch of inviting woods that would prove treacherous with hidden machine guns.

Scotty would have told you that he belonged to what the general proudly called his iron battalion, and that in that battalion, the men of his company—Company H—were known as the Indians. They got that name from the wild warwhoops with which they went rip-roaring into battle—strange, unintelligible savage cries that were echoes, perhaps, of the ones that sounded long ago around the huts and stockades of primitive America.

Good Soldiers and Catholics

But the men of Company H had another character. They were good Catholics, most of them. No one knows where they got the idea or who first suggested it, but had you been watching at dawn on the morning of the 18th, you would have found that when they went over the top, each one of the Indians wore something that is no part of issue regulations looped around the left shoulder strap of his blouse. It was a rosary.

In the first days of that battle, the movement was so swift that more than once a small German rear guard and an advance Yank platoon would meet in the forest and fight out then and there a complete and separate battle all their own. So it was with the Indians one afternoon, as they were making their way past the bitterly won town of Epieds.

At a crossroad they saw troops approaching them in column of squads. The officer in charge caught them in the focus of his field-glasses. They were Boches—coming on. The Yanks waited, itching to open fire, but biding their time. Suddenly, the Boches deserted the road and came at them through the forest.

Blocking the Path

The lieutenant placed his men along a roadside ditch. He placed Scotty and his sho-sho beside a tree and squarely opposite a narrow woodland path that opened across the way. He could see straight down that path, and the Boches were bound either to come along it or to cross it.

"See that path, Scotty?" said the lieutenant. "That's your target. Not one of them must cross it."

"Yes, sir," said Scotty, and dropped beside his gun.

Then, from the high branches of many a tree and from many a shelter, the German fire opened, and the Yank fire answered.

A gray figure darted suddenly into the leafy path. He fell.

Another appeared. He fell.

There was perhaps ten minutes of that, and what was left of the German party was withdrawing when a handful of soldiers scampered along the road. They were Germans, but they shouted as they ran, "Don't shoot, we're Americans!"

For a moment, just for the space that a breath is held, Scotty thrust his head up to see. From his perch in some tree, a sniper shot him in the forehead. Another bullet found his heart. He fell forward, dead, on his gun.

They had killed him, but the number of their dead that are counted as his was 30.

"Thirty," the Indians will tell you, "and he died on his gun."

ARMY AUTOMOBILES NOW STANDARDIZED

Four Types of Trucks and Three of Passenger Cars

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Standardization of cargo trucks and passenger cars for the Army has been completed. There are four types of trucks and three of passenger cars.

The three-quarter to one ton truck selected is the G.M.C. truck, now known as Army type AA. It embodies many improvements, particularly in the spring development, in order to make the truck available as a heavy ambulance as well as a light cargo carrier.

All the types were selected after extremely severe tests and with regard to information supplied by A.E.F. experts. The models accepted excel in low fuel and oil requirements, and in ability to stand up under rough usage and negotiate rough country.

250 WAACS HERE TO RELIEVE MEN FROM S.O.S. DUTY

Women War Workers from England Will Aid in Labor Plan

FIRST ON CLERICAL WORK

Later Arrivals Will Be Assigned to Other Jobs as Army May Decide

Two hundred and fifty English girls have come down from the British front or over from England to work for and with the A.E.F.

They constitute a unit of the famous Waacs, or W.A.A.C's, as the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of Great Britain was called until, for its good work in many branches of behind-the-lines war endeavor, it was taken under royal patronage and rechristened Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps.

These 250 girls are at present working in the Central Records office, near Tours, under the direction of the Adjutant General's department. Their duties, save for those of their number that are on their temporary camp's permanent K. P. and laundry detail, are in the main stenographic and clerical.

By September it is expected that there will be 1,000 Waacs in and about Tours; and already ground is being broken and prepared for permanent barracks for them.

In Line With A.E.F. Policy

The bringing over of these English young women as part and parcel of the American military establishment is in line with the A.E.F. policy of employing women in offices and elsewhere, wherever they can replace men, the policy of "utilizing every able-bodied man in a man's job," as it has been called. In another line, for example, about 4,000 French women are being employed in the big salvage plant not far from the cantonment of the Waacs, and thousands of French women and girls are being employed elsewhere.

The cantonment of the Waacs deserves a bit of mention for its cleanliness, neatness, and general up-to-dateness. It consists of cookshods, laundry, and a long barracks-building (the so-called Swiss barracks) on the same type as those used in hospitals. The fitting up of it, cots and all, is much like that of an American or English hospital.

One end of the principal building is set off at a mess shack, with an "officers' mess" for the seven women officers in direct charge of the girls, and regulation tables for the "members," as the girls are called instead of being dubbed "enlisted women," as one might expect. Then their are the officers' and the members' quarters; and there the difference between soldiering it as a woman and soldiering it as a man is plainly shown.

Issue Chairs and Mirrors

The Waacs, to be sure, have issue blankets, just like the rest of us; no more. They have cots such as we have only when we are lucky enough to get into a hospital, But where we have issue packs and issue rifles and the like, the Waacs have each an issue chair, an issue table, and an issue mirror.

Also, in their barracks they have a rest or recreation room, fitted out by the American Y.W.C.A. with comfortable chairs, graphophone and the rest, and presided over by one of the Y.W.'s representatives. Outside their barracks is a neat walk, lined with whitewashed stones and most military in appearance. In fact, the whole life of the little cantonment is run on military lines, with roll-calls, regular mess and lights-out hours and all the other things that go to make army life the formidably perfect thing it is.

The Waacs' uniform is olive drab in color, to match pretty nearly that of the Yanks and the Tommies, of a rather heavy whipcord, and is, in the *tout ensemble*, most pleasing to the eye. It is surmounted by a soft brown hat, with a narrow brim all the way around—a jaunty, comfortable looking kind of hat it is.

All but Their Own Guard

For wear out of camp, the Waacs have a simple drab coat, with a loose belt similar to that on American officers' raincoats. While there is no strictly regulation shoe, the style most favored is the high and mannish-looking tan.

The Waacs, as has been said, furnish their own K.P., laundry and other details—all except the guard, which is furnished by an outfit of American Engineers in an adjoining camp. And while the Engineers know and obey their general orders to the letter, it must be awfully trying at times to live up to the inexerable maxim "to talk to no one except in line of duty."

The W.A.A.C. is a strictly military organization, recruited when Britain first began to realize the need for releasing for active service every man possible. It made its beginning by taking over the bulk of the clerical work for the British Army in France. Later, it branched out into other activities, and now its members are employed as ambulance and automobile drivers, mechanics, gardeners, cooks and waitresses in officers' and non-coms' messes, to mention only a few of the varied jobs which the Waacs have held and are holding down well.

Motor Drivers May Come

There are tens of thousands of Waacs in France now, and even more at home, working in offices and factories directly concerned with the prosecution of the war.

At present the A.E.F.'s plans do not call for the employment of the Waacs in other than clerical capacities. There may be a corps of women motor drivers and so forth in future, but it is not yet in sight. But the big fact is, for the interest of the men at the front and the others who want to get there, that women will be employed in every place practicable behind the lines.

The body of 250 Waacs workers now with us is an earnest of the intent to follow out that policy.

CAN'T EVEN SKATE TO IT

Bingle: Say, France owns the island of Corsica, don't she?

Zingle: She sure do. But what's that got to do with the war?

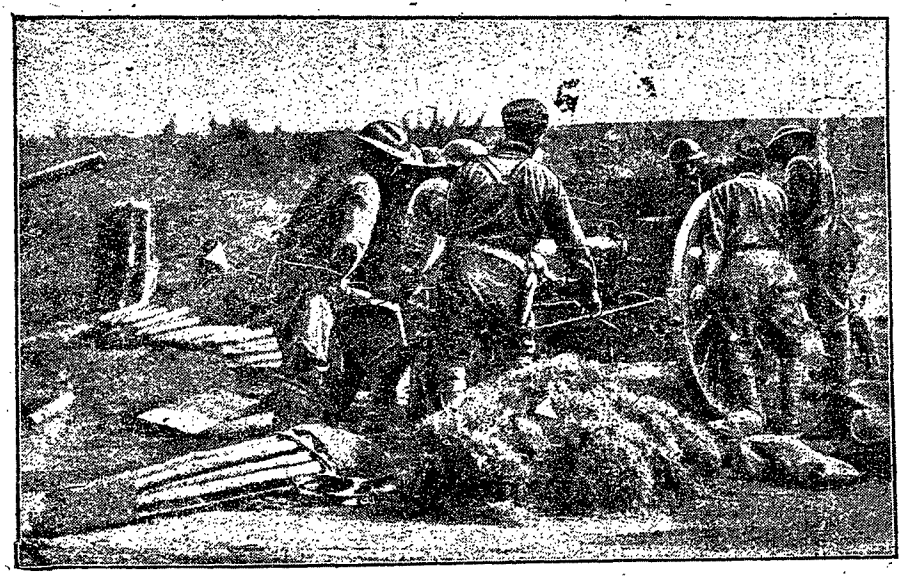
Bingle: Not much, but it's nice to know there's one part of the country they can't make us hike to.

"I've only spent more than three days in one place since I left Hoboken," he said.

"Where were you then?" he was asked.

"On the boat," he replied.

YANK GUNS KEEPING UP WITH THE BIG PUSH



ALL MAIL DELAYS NOT P.S.'S FAULT

Incorrect Addresses Large Factor in Holding Up Deliveries

"E. F., N. Y." IS NOT ENOUGH

Neither Is "Company E, U.S. Infantry"—157 John Smiths Licking Huns

Incorrectly addressed mail is contributing its share to the difficulties of delivering letters and packages to the members of the A.E.F.

Twenty-one per cent of the mail arriving in France in June for American soldiers—a total of 700,000 letters and 65,000 sacks of paper mail was insufficently or improperly addressed, according to statistics compiled by the postal service. Instead of being sent direct to its ultimate destination from the distributing stations at the base ports, it had to be forwarded to the Central Post Office at St. Pierre des Corps, near Tours, where clerks went through directories of the A.E.F., readdressed it, and forwarded it to the men for whom, in their judgment, it was intended.

This task is a difficult one because there is hardly a name in the A.E.F. now which is not duplicated several times. There are, for example, 157 John Smiths, 105 Henry Browns, 94 James Wilsons, 52 Henry Jacksons, and 41 William Blacks serving under General Pershing against the Huns.

"Company J, Pershing's Army"

The letter addressed, "Private John Foster, Company J, Pershing's Army" and the one addressed "Private Carmelo Abiss, E.F., New York," probably will reach their rightful owners, but it will take time. Four-fifths of the misaddressed 21 per cent received in June was addressed merely "Somewhere in France" or A.E.F.," with no company or regimental designation.

The postal service declares that much confusion would be avoided and much labor saved by observing these rules:

"Notify all from whom you expect mail of your address immediately.

"Have your mail addressed to your regiment and company, or, if you are on detached service and have a permanent station, to the office or branch of the service to which you are attached, with the A.P.O. number.

"If you have recently changed stations, notify the Central Post Office, St. Pierre des Corps, of your new address on cards which may be obtained at any A.P.O.

The Correct Form

"The following form of address should be used:

Sergt. John Smith,
Co. A, 95th Regt. Infantry,
American Ex. Forces.
A.P.O. (May be given if desired.)

—or if on detached service and permanently stationed:

Corporal John Smith,
Q.M. Corps,
A.P.O. ——."

Here are some examples of improperly addressed mail for which the postal service now is seeking owners:

Mr. Bennie Hill, colored,
Colored Regiment,
Somewhere in France.

Mr. Geff Patrick,
Moxhlehugg 1st Lt.,
Soldiers' Mail.

Mr. Steward Apaulding,
Military Mail, Foreign Service,
Passed by Censor, A.E.F.,
New York.

Private Howard E. Donegan,
Company E, U.S. Infantry.

NEW WEAPON FOUND FOR COMBATING HUN

It's Rather Expensive, but It Worked to Perfection Just Once

Yankee ingenuity has developed a new weapon for use against the Hun.

No, it will not be used very often, yet there are times—

An American unit of Engineers (Ry.) was hauling ammunition and supplies for the French in the face of one of the German drives this year.

At the height of things, when the Hun was coming over in force and advancing in a way which meant the loss of anything that could not be moved promptly, a $15,000 locomotive jumped the track.

Sergeant George Robertson, in charge watched the battle for a moment, looked at his steam gauge, screwed the safety valve down tight, turned the oil fuel reserve supply into the fire box, and then effected a solitary and successful retreat.

Half an hour later, some 60 Germans were standing about the stranded locomotive when the boiler did the one thing which Sgt. Robertson hoped for—blew up.

It had all the effects of a 14-inch shell.

Incidentally, Sgt. Robertson is now wearing the Croix de Guerre.

FOR SMALLER PAPERS

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

AMERICA, August 1.—The newspaper publishers' committee on the conservation of news print paper has recommended to the War Industries Board that reading matter be cut proportionately in all daily and Sunday papers throughout the country. The cuts range from five per cent on papers now carrying 50 columns to 60 per cent on papers carrying 400 columns.

The committee also proposes that the price of daily newspapers be fixed at two cents. Returns of unsold copies have already been cut off.

TREAT 'EM ROUGHER, CABLES ST. LOUIS

War Secretary and Chief of Japanese General Staff Congratulate A.E.F.

Many congratulatory cablegrams on the recent work of the A.E.F. have been received during the past week at G.H.Q.

Secretary of War Baker wired:

"Accept our hearty and grateful congratulations on the brilliant work being done by your Army. The whole country is thrilled with pride in our soldiers. We follow eagerly every move they make. Their courage and success makes us all prouder than ever that we are Americans and are represented by such heroic soldiers. They are worthy of their country and the cause."

General Baron K. Uyshara, Chief of staff, Imperial Japanese Army, sent the following cablegram:

Looks Forward With Confidence

"Please accept my sincerest congratulations on the recent brilliant success won by your gallant Army on the French battlefield. I am looking forward with absolute confidence to the continued favorable development of the situation, and I feel fortified in my conviction for the final triumph of our common cause."

"St. Louis wishes you success and godspeed. Treat them rough," cabled the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, speaking for a patriotic meeting held in that city.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City adopted congratulatory resolutions which said, among other things, "We are proud of the splendid showing of the New York boys."

WIRE LINES NOW IN NATION'S HANDS

Change Is Accepted With Satisfaction—Western Union Indicted

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—All telegraph and telephone lines in the United States were taken over by the Federal Government at midnight last night. Even the most determined supporters of private business express only mild and cautious objections, the nation as a whole accepting the change with apparently complete approval and satisfaction.

The New York federal grand jury has handed in two indictments against the Western Union Telegraph Company, based on the recent sensational disclosures that the company sent night messages by train.

Both indictments are under the United States criminal code, one for illegal competition with the postoffice, the other for carrying letters by private express. The penalty under the first indictment, which consists of eight counts, is $500 for each count. The penalty under the second is $50 for each violation.

It is charged that between August, 1917, and June, 1918, 346,666 messages were sent by train, so that technically the fines could reach $17,000,000. Last May, 66,000 messages were sent by train from New York alone, according to the Government's charges.

The Stars and Stripes

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THE STARS AND STRIPES, G 2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 26, 1918, was 145,606, an increase of 15,856 over the previous week.

FOUR YEARS

Four years ago today the gray army of Germany advanced to the threshold of Belgium.

It was Der Tag—the day, the planned-for, longed-for day when the good German sword was to be drawn from its scabbard and, in one swift, terrible campaign, carve out of Europe a German Empire.

At the threshold, the German rulers asked free passage over a territory which, by all the most solemn covenants known to nations, they had promised not to enter in time of war. Belgium refused, and the gray army trampled it under foot.

The next day—the third of August—Germany declared war on France, and on the fourth, after a pause while the watching world held its breath in an agony of suspense, England drew her sword.

By her initial act of faithlessness Germany stood morally bankrupt before the peoples of the earth. To men of vision it was then and there apparent that from that hour she could not be treated with man to man, that, because her word was worthless, she must be beaten, beaten, till she could do no further harm.

That, through the four bitter years which have followed, has been the silent, all-controlling, inexorable fact of the war. It was summed up with the finality of doom last August when America said to the Pope: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure."

Four years. Four years of blood and incommunicable woe, four years of such sacrifice and courage as have renewed the world's faith in the spirit of man. As the anniversary approached, the Kaiser mounted a watchtower in Champagne to see with his own eyes the launching of the last German offensive, the drive that he promised his people should end the war. When the anniversary came, he had seen the offensive begin, falter, fail, shrivel and turn into an historic disaster.

He had seen, in the scarred valley of the Marne, the beginning of the end.

SHIPYARD ATHLETIC PATRIOTS

Shipyard work is a great institution at all times. So is baseball—in the Army. But when hundreds of husky, alert, able-bodied professional ball players begin to scuttle from the diamond into shipyard work to escape the draft, the time is ripe for a lusty roar.

With thousands of their countrymen charging machine guns, working under shell-fire or grinding away back of the lines, it seems beyond belief that any well trained athlete, fit for service, should be guilty of such yellow-hearted cowardice, traitors to their country's good, and worse than traitors to their own souls. The printed records stand as proof.

If these men can't be yanked into service, they should be stopped from continuing their old profession on Saturdays and Sunday. Their ostracism should be complete.

And Ty Cobb says he is "thinking of enlisting later on." Later on? Suppose every American had decided to make it "later on?"

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

"The bombardment will be terrific; you will bear up under it without weakening."

Sans faiblir—without weakening—those were the exact words of General Gouraud's order "to the French and American troops of the Fourth Army" on the eve of the German offensive - an offensive concerning which the Allied command knew about everything there was to know.

It's a great life—especially when you help to turn that offensive into a mighty boomerang, back the enemy across a river and several miles of country, and get a look at his heels.

It's a great life when you count your prisoners by thousands, your captured guns by hundreds, and get so far ahead of your commissary that you go along on wind for a few days, and go pretty well at that.

If you don't weaken it *is* a great life. If you do—well, you get licked. The old Army philosopher had the right dope.

THE ONES WHO KNOW

It was announced on July 4 in Washington that a million American soldiers had sailed for France. It was announced in the House of Commons last week that they were still coming, that they were coming faster than ever, coming at a rate of 300,000 a month, 200,00 in British ships, 100,000 in American ships. You can do your own figuring.

The German people do not believe this. Within the last fortnight or so, their newspapers have ladled out comforting assurances that the figures were grossly exaggerated, that the Americans had only one constituted division at the front, with the remainder of their forces sprinkled through the provinces of France to make a show.

It does not matter what the German people believe. They believe that Belgium flew treacherously at Germany's unprotected throat. They believe the war was started by England. Or by France. Or by Russia. It all depends on what official explanation is the fashion at the moment. They believe that William Hohenzollern of Potsdam is the greatest man since Jesus Christ.

But, after all, it does not matter what the German people believe. For the German army knows.

YANKS IT IS

Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick. Ten thousand of the world's greatest thinkers working ten hours a day for ten years couldn't plaster a nickname on the American Army that would stick ten minutes.

For the American Army has already received its nickname over here that nothing can shake loose. That nickname is Yanks. Nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.

It wasn't manufactured for the American Army, it wasn't carefully thought out by any pre-arranged mental drive. It was just the nickname every one over here took for granted.

Yanks, as applied over here, has lost its old American turn. It no longer means a soldier of the North. It means a soldier from the United States, North, South, East or West, so long as he wears the khaki of Uncle Sam and battles or works under the old flag. It means Dixie and Yankee Doodle rolled into one. It is the symbol of a united country pointing in mass formation towards the Rhine and on beyond. It means that 1861 to 1865 is forgotten, demolished, blotted out against the mighty epoch of 1917—to a finish.

"Sammy" was a joke, and a painful one. "Buddy" failed to land. The others hit the soapy chute with equal eclat. One nickname alone has withstood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yanks—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American.

You can't manufacture a nickname in a century, but one can be hooked to you in a day. Yanks it is.

SIX MONTHS OLD

With the current issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES sews on its first service chevron. For six months it has been on duty with the A.E.F. in France.

From its first issue of less than 30,000 copies to its present issue of 170,000, it has proceeded in its rather dizzy job of trying to keep pace with the avalanche known as the A.E.F.

We are proud to be able to say that some of the finest things it has printed—including the finest thing of all—were written not by any member of its staff, but were sent in from the field.

The more that the bunch on our far flung battle line realizes that the paper is for them to read, for them to criticize, for them to *write*, that it means to be and will be just what they want it to be, more and more will it grow in grace with each additional chevron. More and more faithfully will its file serve as a chronicle of the comedy and tragedy of the greatest expedition since the world began.

"COLONELIFEROUS"

When William Allen White wrote the biography of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson of Kansas City fame, he was at a loss to account for the colonel's title, inasmuch as his subject had never been connected with a military establishment nor had even been on a governor's staff. Finally, Mr. White concluded that he was called colonel simply because he was "just naturally colonelliferous."

As we look over our letters and papers from home it strikes us that there are going to be a lot of colonelliferous people at large after the war; not only colonelliferous, but majorical, captainic and lieutenantish.

There seem to be, both at home and abroad, so many organizations outside the Army—the Reserve Auxiliary Police Forces, the Home Guards, the Junior Reserves, to mention only a few—having the bestowing of military titles as one of their most important functions that it will not surprise us at all, on our return, to find every male citizen over the age of 31 boasting a sobriquet that denotes some form or another commissioned rank.

"Good morning, Colonel." "How'do, Major?" "Ah, there, Cap'n." Thus it will go, all up and down the main street of our home town. And how proud and novel and singular and noteworthy and everything the average one of us will feel to be pointed out as the only real private in the place!

TO WIN THE WAR

Ships, we are told, will win the war. And so will food.

But if we merely lie back on those two more or less abstract propositions—abstract so far as the man in the line is concerned when he hasn't seen any water save the drops on the mouth of his canteen or tasted any food save iron rations for a week—we are passing the biggest buck in all history.

We are passing it in particular to Mr. Schwab and Mr. Hoover, and in general to the whole American people.

Ships and food will win the war—ships by bringing armies and the things armies need, food by filling the stomachs of armies and peoples. Revolution in Germany, starvation in Austria, disaffection in Bulgaria, rebellion in Turkey, a renascent Russia—all of these things may come to pass, any of these things might let fall the keystone out of the arch of the Hohenzollern power.

But to bring about any one of them, there is just one thing to do—just one way to win the war. That way is to defeat the German armies—all of them that the Kaiser can put into the field.

The Army's Poets

THE MAN

Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go
Out of Life's heated battle into the evening glow.
He was just a common soldier, one of a mighty clan.
But every watcher bared his head in honor to the Man.
We stood there at attention, and the flag-draped coffin came,
And we snapped up to salue him, though we never knew his name.
He was just a common soldier, but we couldn't salute as well
The best old major-general on this bright side o' hell!
H.T.S.

THE ARMY TROUBLE-SHOOTER

Up and away in the hush of the morning,
Speeding through lanes where the wild throstle sings,
Riding, oh, riding straight into the dawning,
Searching the way for the war's muted strings.

Calls from the seaboard and calls from the mountains,
Answer far calls, or are stricken and fail;
Leap from the trenches, and back, over fountains
Born where the death spirits bubble and wail.

Guns from the dugouts and guns from the ridges
Pour out their hate, till the shrapnel, like rain,
Quenches the faltering wires, and our bridges
Lift up as live things, and sink back again.

Plu...ging, then crawling, one man in the twilight,
Armed with his pliers and armored with hope,
Gains a far post where one fast fading highlight
Gleams on his spurs as he casts up his rope.

Calls from the trenches! The fuses that sputtered
Yonder behind him have quivered and died;
Yet in the darkness the cry that was uttered
Must not be silenced—the thing must be tried!

Enemy star-shells! Their scattering splendor
Tells its white tale, while the man yonder clings
Like a dead thing, lest this Hate-god, the Spender,
Fling one more heart to the Ashes-of Things.

Chip-clink of pliers and straightening of leader,
'Lone in the darkness, while fighting men wait.
(Four thousand miles to the West, as decreed her,
One woman prays and is laughed at by Fate.)

Finished the task, and the wires, in the starlight,
Answer again—but a swift bullet wrings
Breath from its mark, and a soul through the far light
Speeds to the West, and the Sweetness of Things.

Up and away, ere the hush of the morning,
Speeding past lanes where the wild throstle sings,
Straight to the West to await a new dawning,
Searching the way for the war's muted strings.

Corp. Walter E. Mair, S.C.

LIAISON

I've got a pal in the doughboys—
Says the Artillery barrage rocket guard—
And every night as I watch my post,
My thoughts go out to my pard.

He's out there in the front line,
I'm back here with the guns;
We are both linked together by fireworks
In the effort to lick those Huns.

I picture him there in the trenches,
Peering out into No Man's Land,
Ready to shoot up a red socket,
Which means we're to lend him a hand.

And when that rocket shoots skyward
To warn of approaching Hun,
That's my cue, and I yell to the gunners:
"Barrage!—Sector One Sixty One!"

And then the battle opens up
With a withering curtain of fire,
Stopping the Boches in No Man's Land,
Or stringing them dead on the wire.

When our barrage has been lifted,
Word comes back from the Infantry:
"Raid repulsedyou sure did it that time,
And we thank you, Artillery!"

Then my mind sees my pal in the doughboy,
Offering up a thankful prayer,
And stretching his hand back towards me,
Saying, "Thanks, Bill—shake—put it there!"

And so we on the line all are learning
That the biggest thing in this strife
Is Co-Operation; and my pal and I
Both know it's the keynote of life.

Joe Connolly, Pvt., F.A.

I DID NOT KNOW—

Dawn, with a rose tint in the sky—
Over the top we went in silence—
No shell announced our coming nigh—
And through the lines of the drowsy Hun,
Who wakened in our rear.

We fought till setting sun,
And still fought on—yon snorting gun
Must be our souvenir—
We did not falter. Then darkness fell.

The night came on so quick. My God—
I thought of you, my dear,
You seemed so very near,
I spoke to you.

How strange a place! I did not know—
The nurse just smiled, and whispered low,
"In spirit she is here."

William Gilligan.

THOSE LUCKY BOYS IN PARIS

Here with General Pershing's army, scattered
broadcast over France,
There's a thought with every soldier, from the
line way down to Nantes;
Though he's fighting like the devil or he's off
upon a spree,
He's lookin' for permission to go visitin' Paree.

He's heard so much about it that it seems a
Mystery Town,
With Fairies on the Boulevards, and Angels all
around,
And statues all so beautiful, the ancient River
Seine,
And yet he's not allowed to go—it's certainly a
shame.

He's asked the C.O. often, and his record's
white as chalk,
But a G.O., not the C.O., is the thing his wishes
balks.
For our noble General Pershing—strength unto
his mighty arm—
Doesn't want the boys in Paris—rather keep
them out of harm.

So our lads must go on mourning, though hard
the luck may seem,
And to ease their mental torment, let them
ponder on this theme—
Certain men must be in Paris, there is work
there to be done,
And their hearts are full of envy for the fellow
with the gun.

The maidens are quite pretty; there are lots of
things to see,
But that will never satisfy the boys in Gay
Paree;
They all want to get in action—just to feel
they're helpin' some
In this concentrated effort to annihilate the
Hun.

So care not where your job may be, just do
your level best,
And let the man above you sit and figure out
the rest,
And if when placed up on the line, you'd much
prefer Paree,
Just don't forget that Paris bunch—they'll
swap, if you'll agree.

H. J. Watson, M.E., — Engrs.

THE JUDGMENT

ANGEL

Who comes all robed in white,
His wounds ablaze with light,
The fresh blood oozing through
Like poppies drenched with dew?

SOUL

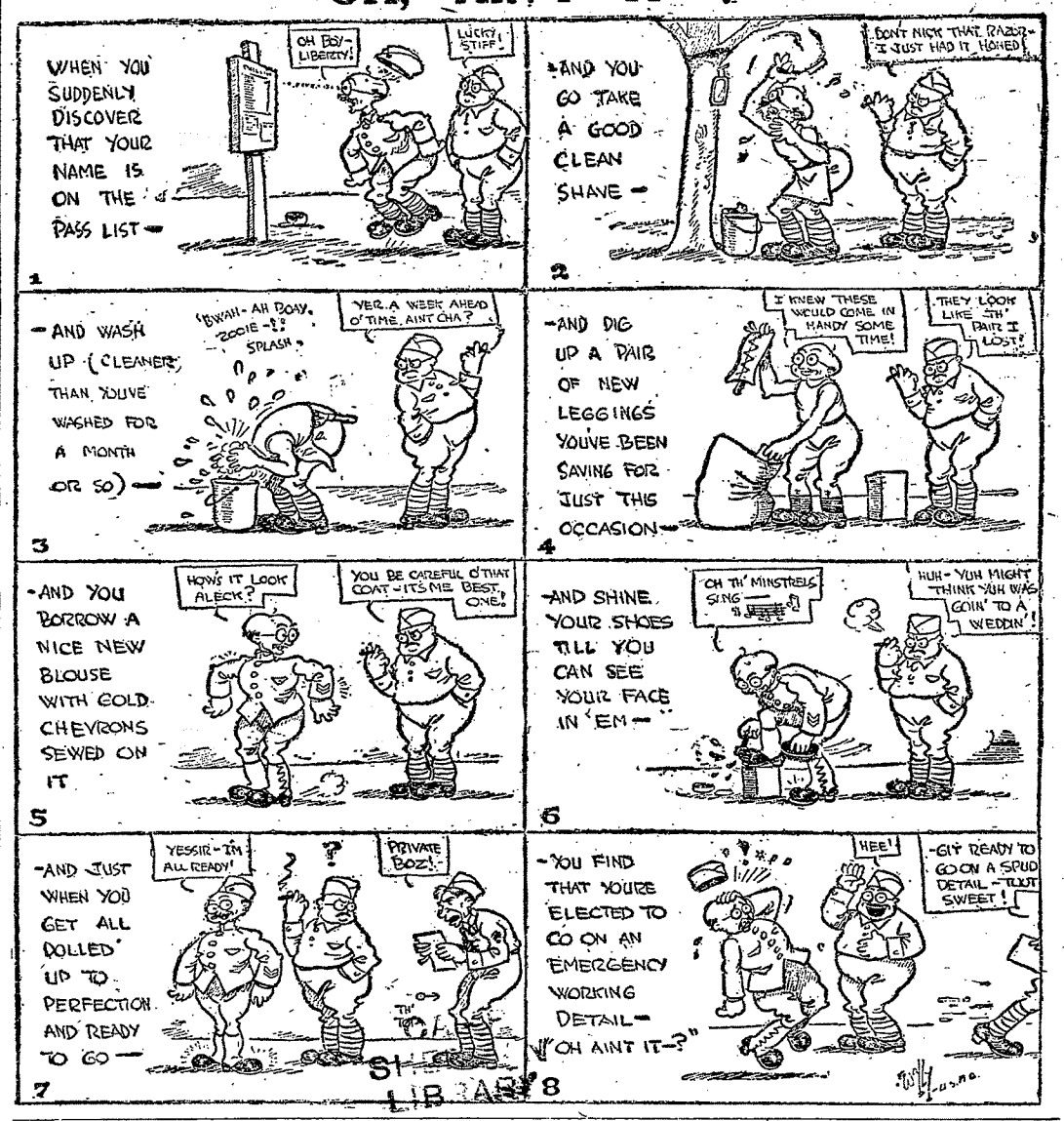
'Tis I, Archangel bright.
These marks are from the fight.
Abashed, I seek a clew;
I know not what to do.

CHRIST

Sit thou upon my right,
Till Heaven see the sight,
How I repay my due
To warriors such as you.

Chaplain Thomas F. Coakley.

OH, AIN'T IT—?



MY BILLET

This old house, shell-torn and wrecked, still stands complacent, undisturbed, in the midst of this little, desolate French village, like some nice old lady who, knowing she is no longer for this earth, has already started to live in the future, and regards this life with a sort of impersonal interest, as a thing apart.

They may have ruined the body; but they have not touched the soul! and this old house has a soul. I picture, in looking back over its past, the lives that have come in under this roof, the lives that have been lived there, and the lives that have gone out; the days of toil, the Sundays of peace, the happiness and the sorrow; all have seasoned into this old house during the centuries and have become its soul.

The old cupboard, carved with angel heads and other fancies, and probably the wedding present of a hundred and more years back, still rests, looking rebukingly down on the rats running about the floor, large vicious rats, fat and sleek, well fed in this desolation. Its shelves are no more in their place; they may have served as firewood to warm the chilled bodies of the poilus who before had defended this village; but I don't think she'd mind.

The first communion certificate of Yvonne, dated 1908, the only thing left hanging on the wall, in its cracked frame, brings back the children's voices. I have arranged my handful of straw which I call bed just beneath it. It seems so homelike and safe when I lie down there during the day and listen as the shells whistle overhead after my night of guard, and it makes me dream of my real home. I look at it each time I start for my place down in the line, and wonder if I shall ever return; or, if I do return, if there will be an ugly hole where once it rested.

When the Boche broke through our line, I stood at the door of that old, old house, my billet, and fought like a madman to keep him back, to keep the wolf from the door, to keep his sacrilegeous hands from desecrating this sanctuary—my home, and it is my home, for there I keep my straw and whatever else I own in life, and I fought as any man will fight to protect his home. We beat him back.

When I come up each morning the old house greets me like an old mother, and seems pleased to know I'm here and safe. I don't know who Yvonne is, but I'm sure she would be happy, and her mother, and father, if he lives, would be happy, to know we are here in spite of the shelling and the desolation and ruin, and that we call it home, and that we water the little rose bush that still clings close to that part of the wall which remains, as though seeking protection.

And when we have won the victory, and I am sitting by the fireside back home, with my children on my knee, I know that I'll often think of my other home, my billet, and they'll always be glad to have me tell them the story of how we fought to protect it, and they'll want to know all about Yvonne; and I'll tell them the stories the old house told to me.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy.
Aero Squadron.—
Loraine.
June 19, 1918.

FROM A SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I betcha you've been wondering where I've been. Well, I've been at the Army Candidates School. After you've been there a while, you wonder how a fellow could be so ignorant and still live. There are a lot of reformed sergeants and things going around here with dazed looks on their bronzed maps.

But, my dear, I must tell you of our invasion of the world of art. It is so wonderful. Really, my dear, it must be seen to be appreciated. We have just put some lovely crêpe de chine over those old bare windows and we have draped our horrid old gun racks with some charming tapestry. Such a change! We are getting up a petition with a view to having knitting added to the curriculum.

Some of the boys wept softly, others merely got drunk, when we read about the plans to provide us with a little loose change regardless of the location of our service records. Undoubtedly you have heard of the latest reason the paymaster advances for not helping us get our laundry out of ransom. Anyway, it's great to be a candidate. Try it for yourself sometime.

This being summer, I trust you will forgive me for mentioning that several American ladies have been in our town lately. My kingdom for a Sam Browne.

Well, I'll write again some other day, if the censor lets this one by.

Murray E. Crain, Sgt., A.C.S., A.E.F.

THE TRAVELS OF A BUCK

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY A GOOD MANY PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time there was a doughboy. There have been, of course, off and on, quite a number of doughboys, and in order that nobody's feelings shall be hurt, it is necessary to specify that this doughboy might have been any doughboy.

But for the purpose of this story, he has got to be a doughboy who wears socks. With that much cleared up, everything is now all set to continue without hurting anybody's feelings.

The doughboy was going up to the line in heavy marching order that was growing heavier every minute. He began to limp. Then he began to hop on one foot. And then he fell down and stayed there.

"What you got now?" asked the sergeant.

"Hole in sock—blister on heel," explained the doughboy.

"Um," said the sergeant. "Have to see the supply sergeant about that."

"I didn't knit his socks," said the supply sergeant. "Don't blame me. Let him take 'em off and send them back where they came from."

About now the doughboy drops out of the story. Of course, the regiment went into line without him, two hundred and seventeen German divisions got through the hole that was left, and the war was lost. But all that has nothing to do with this story.

The socks went back where they came from. And the Buck went with them.

The first place they reached was the regimental supply officer. He opened them, and out hopped the Buck.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I," said the Buck, "am the Buck."

"Buck private?" asked the regimental supply officer.

"No," said the Buck. "Just plain Buck. The one they pass."

"Socks may come and socks may go, but Bucks go on forever," said the regimental supply officer, manhandling Tennyson.

So the socks and Buck went on to the divisional supply officer.

The divisional supply officer was trying to solve the following mathematical problem: If a division advances four hundred and thirty-six kilometers a day, and the supply trains three hundred and ninety kilometers a day, in how many days will the supply trains overtake the division?

This worried him so much that he just waved his hand in the general direction of anybody in the Q. M. Corps.

It is old time Army stuff when in doubt to pass any Buck along to the Q. M. Corps.

So the Buck went away from there.

In time he reached a Q. M. office.

"They told me," he began, "to ——"

But the socks were already under the microscope.

"There's a hole in one of them," said whoever was presiding into the microscope.

"Yes," said the Buck. "That's why they sent me here. You see—"

"But there is a hole in them," said the man at the microscope. "I saw it there, and that proves it. These socks have got to go back to the manufacturer, and I find that the manufacturer is Holey, Sox & Co., Contract No 845784928567, Windville-on-the-Lake, Ill."

So there was nothing for it but to get aboard an empty transport, and go without smoking for a few nights, and get on a train at New York, and get sidetracked for a few days while a whole lot of freights full of Army supplies, including more socks, had the right of way (as they certainly deserved to have), and get off at Windville-on-the-Lake.

"I want to see Mr. Holey," said the Buck.

"Mr. Holey is out buying wool," said the office boy, only, of course, it was an office girl this time. "Will Mr. Sox do?"

"Um," said Mr. Sox. "The man who inspected these—it was Inspector No. 478571984-756, you will notice—is unfortunately now in France."

"Good Lord!" said the Buck. "Have I got to go 'way back to France?"

"You really ought to," said Mr. Sox. "but I'll try to fix it up over here. Of course, Sheep, Lamb & Co., are really to blame. We buy our wool from them."

So the Buck went to see Sheep, Lamb & Co.

"A very inferior grade," said Mr. Lamb. "The Triple-Z Ranch out in Wyoming—you see, a lot of our wool comes from there—certainly worked the Double Cross that time. I'd advise you to see them."

So the Buck went out to Wyoming.

"Ah-ha!" said the proprietor of the Triple-Z Ranch. "Guzwumpus has been at it again!"

"Who," said the Buck, "if I might ask, is Guzwumpus?"

"He," said the Big Man of the Triple-Z, "is our leading sheep. I advise you to go and argue it out with him."

So the Buck went out to see Guzwumpus.

Guzwumpus was a vicious old ram that needed a bath.

"Ba-a-a-a-a!" he said, and ate the socks. And the Buck lay down and went to sleep. For he had found a home at last.

REMEMBER THE DATE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Chevrons! Suppose you have heard about enough on this subject, but here is one.

I left the States in January, 1917, to serve in the British military hospitals. Shortly after I arrived I was commissioned in the British R.A.M.C. and did not transfer to the American service until December, 1917, when I accepted my U. S. commission. Now when do my service chevrons date from, (1) the date I entered the British service, (2) the date America declared war (3) or the date of my commission?

As far as I can make out, it's the date of my commission, but I have known of an ambulance man wearing four service chevrons and I can not quite figure it out. Of course, I am entitled to a British service chevron, but can not wear that on my American uniform.

It kind of peeves me to see men wearing two chevrons when I was in the game so far ahead and yet I can wear only one, according to my calculations. I think we should have something to show for our time. Do you?

Before the Rush.

[Your eligibility to the American service chevron dates from December, 1917. The ambulance man who is wearing four is out a mile. Not a single person on this blessed earth, even if he began to fight the Germans in the Crusades and has been doing it ever since, has the right to compute towards his chevron any time served before April 6, 1917. This means, at present, that any man wearing more than two chevrons is making as ridiculous a show of himself as if he had bought a Distinguished Service Cross and pinned it on his blouse.—Editor.]

JUST A LITTLE GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Some time in April I had occasion as chaplain of the — Ammunition Train to send a letter to each home represented in my unit. I sent greetings to each home and suggested that only the most cheerful news be sent to the men in the service; there was included a beneficiary insurance paper also. There have come to me many interesting replies along with their enquiries concerning the men of the organization. You may be interested in the following letter, which I received recently, as showing the spirit of many of our people in the States.

Towner, N. Dak.,
May 8, 1918.

W. C. Cowart,
Dear Friend:

Want to thank you for the beneficiary paper received from you of my brother Paul. I am a little girl eleven years of age and have knit three washcloths and five pairs of socks for the Red Cross to help the soldiers.

I am glad to have a brother that is a soldier and can help his country. I had one foot cut off with a mowing machine when I was four years old. I go to school every day and will finish the fourth grade this month.

I will do all I can to help my country. We have a Thrift Stamp club in our school. We have to earn 25 cents a week and buy one stamp each week.

Some children are planting potatoes and raising chickens.

Hope my brother Paul will be as happy in his work as I am.

Yours for service,
Emma Hazel Barringer.

If you wish to use this very well, if not no harm done. I have not asked for permission to print it. You know better about that than I do.

W. C. Cowart, Chaplain.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

V—Soissons

The first three definite spots in France to leap into the story of the headlines in back-home newspapers as the habitats of American fighting troops in the line were Lorraine, Toul and Soissons.

Lorraine was a whole region in itself, and merely put "somewhere in France" in a good-sized corner without trapping it. Toul, though a city and therefore a little more specific than a whole slice of country, represented a wide stretch of front and was itself so many kilometers behind the lines that its fame as a combat center was somewhat vicarious.

Soissons was not only a spot to be indicated by a pin on the map, but it was also very much in the war. Anybody who lived there between the first recoil of the Germans from the Marne to the Aisne—not quite four years ago and the capture of the city in the end of May offensive this year can tell you that.

Looking Down on City

Today, American troops on the northern end of the line that has overrun the Soissons-Château-Thierry road can look down into the city from the heights that dominate it. Yesterday—or to be exact, February 8, 1918—a New England division marched through Soissons to take its place in the line.

Soissons owns the unfortunate distinction of having been an age-long battle ground.

"All Gaul," wrote Caesar, "is divided into three parts," and his official Roman communiqué went on to state that the Belgae inhabitated one of the parts, and that Noviodunum was one of the Belgae strongholds. Noviodunum was Soissons. The latter name came from the Suessiones, a battling branch of the Belgae who got their name written very much into Caesar's Commentaries.

Saw Roman Downfall in Gaul

But it is with Roman downfall rather than Roman domination that the name of Soissons is the more closely associated. For it was near Soissons that, in the year 486, the great king of the Merovingian Franks, Clovis, a youth of 20, obliterated in one fierce battle the last trace of Roman usurpation of Gaul—that is, France.

Clovis had the misfortune to be the father of four sons, among whom his newly-won realm had to be divided. The kingdom of the Franks became four kingdoms, and one of the four was the kingdom of Soissons, a broad region bounded rather hazily by the Seine, the Oureq and the lower Rhine.

Soissons, then, became early a name to conjure with. It was natural that, when the last half of the 12th and first half of the 13th centuries saw cathedral after cathedral towering into arduously wrought and magnificent being in city after city, saw rise the groins and buttresses and spires of Rheims, Chartres, Langres, Bourges, and of Our Lady of Paris itself—it was natural that Soissons should be among them.

Nobles Repair to Soissons

It was to Soissons that, in 1616, the rebellious nobles repaired during the bitter quarrel between them and the government during the regency of Marie de Medicis. Louis XIII was king, but as he was only 15, he was not supposed to count. The nobles were proclaimed guilty of high treason. Soissons was besieged, and the downfall of the nobles seemed imminent when Concini, counsellor of the queen-mother and regent, was slain virtually at the young king's bidding. The nobles thereupon sped back to Paris, thinking that their power had returned to them. They were mistaken, but that is a story which has nothing to do with Soissons.

In 1789 Soissons became a fortified city, forming a part of the Ile de France. It was still a fortified city when, on September 11, 1870, the 13th corps of the German army stood before it and demanded its surrender.

"I will bury myself under the city walls rather than surrender," replied Commandant de Noué. And the inhabitants, who had heard from their fathers and grandfathers the story of the three hours' pillage of the city in 1814 at the hands of a foreign enemy, backed up the commander in favoring resistance, feeble though the garrison was.

Siege Lasts 37 Days

A methodical Prussian siege began. The Soissonais were counting on the arrival of Bazaine, who was getting himself into a trap at Metz. The city was already suffering when the real bombardment began on October 12. Forty-five heavy guns plowed up its streets and buildings, setting a thousand fires, and kept up their deluge of shell for three days and nights. The surrender came on October 16, after 37 days' investiture.

The Prussians made prisoner in Soissons 99 officers and 4,633 men of the garrison, captured 128 cannon and made off with a strong box containing 192,000 francs. Soissons, when the peace conference sits after this war, will have a little grievance of its own to air.

A city does not have to be large to be famous, especially when its fame is spread by an official war report. "It is a tragic destiny for a little town when it wins the glory of being cited in the communiqués, especially when, caught in the heart of battle it finds the right to its possession disputed by two adversaries; yesterday it was only a little town without a name; today the whole universe knows it. But it no longer exists."

Population Only 10,000

This is not quite true, perhaps, of Soissons. It is not large—its population, not counting the garrison, is a little more than 10,000—but it is perhaps too big to be wiped quite off the earth even in such a town-blasting war as the present.

No story of Soissons would be complete without some mention of the Soissons bean.

Boston baked beans owe their fame to the way they are cooked, but the glory of the Soissons bean is more peculiarly local. It is grown nowhere else, either in France or the rest of the world. It is large, something like our own lima, and its succulent peculiarity is that, though large, it is still tender and can be cooked after a minimum of soaking.

If you fail to order at least one *rosbif aux soissons* before you leave France, you will have one thing less to tell about.

Birthplace of Gallic Chiefs

Soissons was the birthplace of the Gallic chiefs Diviac and Galba, who caused Caesar considerable trouble; of the Merovingian kings Caribert, Chilperic, Gontran, Clotaire II and Sigebert, and of Quinquet, inventor of the smokeless, odorless unrefined oil lamp that still survives in the more ancient and humble French households.

And it is one of the thousand and one ironies of war that Soissons, with its proud history, should now have become a spot that men die for because it is the junction of three rail lines and half a dozen roads.

SONG OF THE GUNS

This is the song that our guns keep singing,
Here where the dark steel shines;
This is the song with their big shells winging
Over the German lines—

"We are taking you home by the shortest way.
We are taking you out of this blood and slime
To the land you left in an ancient day,
Where lost lanes wander at twilight time;
We are bringing you peace
In the swift release
From the grind where the gas drifts blur;
On a steel shod track,
We are taking you back,
We are taking you back to Her!"

This is the song that our guns keep roaring
Out through the night and rain;
This is the song with their big shells soaring
Over the battered plain—

"We are taking you home by the only way
By the only road that will get you back
To the dreams you left where the dark was gray
And the night wind sang of a long-lost track
We are bringing you rest
From the bitter test,
From the pits where the great shells whirr
Through the bloody loam,
We are taking you home,
We are taking you home to Her!"

WHEN THE WOUNDED COME IN

Two soldiers lay side by side in an evacuation hospital. One was a browned, red headed doughboy with a broken arm. The other's head and face were bandaged so that only his mouth and chin were visible.

The doughboy raised on his pillow and surveyed his neighbor.

"Say, what outfit are you out of, buddy?" he asked. "Your mug looks kind of familiar and I've been trying to place you."

"Company I, —Infantry," said he of the bandaged head.

"So am I. Who the deuce are you?"

"I," said the other, "am the captain."

There was a bandage over his eye.

"Anything else the matter with you?" asked the surgeon who was standing beside his cot.

"Well," he drawled, "I got hit up there near the eye, but that ain't much."

"Yes," persisted the surgeon, "but did you get hit anywhere else?"

Then he admitted that, come to think of it, he had a broken arm, a broken leg, and a bullet in his side.

He was smiling, but pale, when they wheeled him in—a black haired youth of 20—and he was still smiling when they tenderly transferred him to a cot after the doctors had counted seven machine gun bullet wounds, one in his ankle, three in his side and three in his chest. When a Y.M.C.A. man brought writing paper through the ward he took a piece and asked for a pencil. An attendant found him dead half an hour later with this beginning of a letter in his hand:

"Dear Mother:

"We made an attack on the Germans today and drove them five miles. I am in a hospital tonight. I was slightly wounded in the leg."

"Oh, I don't know," said the doctor. "I haven't been working so hard. I got up at four o'clock Monday morning, I had two hours' sleep Wednesday, I had three hours' sleep Friday, and Sunday morning at eight o'clock I went to bed and had a long rest—eight hours."

Three wounds in five minutes—each of them worth a wound stripe—was one Infantryman's record.

"I got a machine gun bullet in the stomach," he explained. "It was about spent when it hit me. Fritz was shooting by indirect fire from long range. It just went through the skin and stuck there. I squeezed it out and was just putting it in my pocket when I got another in the leg. It went right in and right out and didn't hit the bone. I hadn't any more than begun to feel it when a piece of shrapnel hit me in the same leg.

"They certainly were after me, but none of the wounds amounts to anything. I'll be back for more in three weeks."

When you have 20-odd men, all wearing Red Cross pajamas and all lying in the same kind of cots, how are you going to tell a Frenchman from an American?

"The Frenchmen have mustaches and we haven't," explained one Yank, but it isn't always as simple as that.

Even the nurses sometimes get them mixed, and address a wounded doughboy in French in perfectly good faith. And every time that happens, the doughboy gives himself away by trying to talk French back.

A boy who lay on his back with a leg wound at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he received it in action. He just missed getting one ahead of time—if you can say "just missed" of anybody in this war who doesn't get hit.

The Boche was trying to shell a battery but kept dropping them short. In this way a shell hit a house with Americans in it and wounded some of them. The rest got out and spent the night in the open.

The following night they went out into the open before the shelling was due to begin. Next morning they went back. They were pretty sure the house had been hit again, because they knew it had been there and found a few pieces of brick in the vicinity to prove it.

"And right on my blankets," said the boy who lay on his back, "was a big hunk of the shell that did it."

Three of them had been in one little room for three days, an American, a Frenchman and an Italian. Came a Red Cross man on the afternoon of the third day.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the American, "you might get an interpreter. Tony and Gaston and I have been trading tobacco and showing each other our girls' pictures and saying 'oui' and 'si' and 'yes' for three days now, and we've got a lot to tell each other if you can get somebody to help us out."

"Yes," he said, "I drew a full house the first time in action—two eyes and a nose—high explosive. It may not be so bad, though. There's one eye left and they may save it. Anyhow, I've always wondered if a fellow enjoyed a smoke when he couldn't see the smoke and I've found out now. You enjoy it just the same, but you've got to inhale to find out if you're pipe is lighted."

"Whoosh!" said the man on the cot, or some sound like that, waking up out of his ether sleep minus a machine gun bullet that he had brought to the hospital with him. Looking toward the door, he saw a postal service man on guard.

"Say," he inquired, "have I landed in a post-office or a railway mail train?"

But it was perfectly all right. The postal service man was one of a group who had volunteered their services when a certain big hospital began to be a rather busy spot on the A.E.F. map not so many days since.

They were not the only non-medical volunteers. An Air Service headquarters was represented by a lieutenant and as many detachments of amateur litter bearers as there were men at the headquarters. And out of somewhere came a couple of squads of Engineers, bearing litter after litter through a maze of operating rooms, X-ray rooms, wards and corridors, and departing, along toward morning, as unobtrusively and mysteriously as they had come. All of them—P.S. men, Air Service clerks and Engineers—did their own work, too, every day, fagged out but happy.

Apparcil in French can mean anything from an airplane to a moving-picture machine, but in our hospitals it means only the trellis-like arrangement over the cot of a patient whose arm or leg has to be held suspended.

A man lay with his left leg *en apparcil* and his bare foot sticking up into space. A piece of shrapnel had pierced his leg.

He kept looking at that bare left foot lovingly. It was the first time he had seen it in 40 days.

There is always in every hospital the embarrassed patient in the center of a group of idolized wounded from the battlefield.

"How did you get hurt?" was asked of a depressed individual whose leg was supported just so by the overhead trolley system.

"I," was the disgusted reply, "ran into a train 200 miles from the front."

There may be room for argument on the enjoyableness of war, but there isn't any doubt in the mind of Private Xyz. He approves of this one, and of France as a place to have it. We'll let him tell you why:

"We trained at ————, otherwise known as Sahara. There were a million soda fountains in town but not a drop to drink. If you started to call on a girl with a box of candy under your arm an M.P. or a policeman overhauled you and made you open the package to prove that you weren't concealing a bottle of beer. You could walk around that town for a week and if your tongue hung out it just hung out, that's all.

"Well, we came to France and the first day here I got in front of a moving truck and it put me to sleep. I didn't know anything for quite awhile and then I got to dreaming. I dreamed that someone was pouring wine between my lips and I woke up. I woke up to find it was true. She, the person with the wine, was as pretty a little French Red Cross nurse as I ever want to see. They had taken me to a French hospital when I went out and that was where I woke up. They tried to tell me that I had been muttering, 'water, water' when that nurse gave me the wine. But I know I never said that."

POLITICAL ISSUES REFUSE TO RAISE

Non-Partisan Plan Liked, But Details Are Hard to Pin Down

SOCIALISTS PLAN TO FIGHT

No Big Divisions in National Problems Around Which Trouble Can Be Started

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Were it not for the war, our newspaper press would have had to fall back on the sea serpent story to provide news during the past week.

Things went along so smoothly that nobody could unearth a single sensation of importance, and all the big news was news to which the public has already become too accustomed to cause excitement, such as continued ship launching, increased augumentation of America's armed forces, steady progress in coordinating industrial efforts and adjusting labor and financial problems.

Lacking a real sensation, we tried energetically to raise some political sea serpents. So far the most feeble serpent of all is the political move for non-partisan Congressional elections next autumn.

Enthusiasm for the idea, as purely an idea, is truly vast, but there is some little difference as to details. At present, the Democratic idea of the correct way to eliminate partisanship is for the Republicans to retire from the race, while the Republicans think it would be a much better idea if the Democrats did the patriotic retiring.

Some Coalitions Certain

The only thing the two parties are passionately agreed upon is that the Socialists must be beaten, and undoubtedly there will be at least some local coalitions here and there for this purpose.

Such coalitions would assuredly defeat Socialist candidates for specific offices, but the Socialist party is at least as much interested in increasing its vote as in winning offices, and coalitions may actually help them to gain the former point.

They show no intention of taking the defensive as yet and are actually preparing for a stiff fight despite the fact that many Socialist leaders are under indictment.

As to national issues, there is so far no big division on which a fight can be made. Both old parties absolutely agree on the principles for which we are at war and both vie with each other in declaring for support of the Government. The successful dispatch of a big army to Europe and the generally acknowledged success in practically all the directions of our material activities, national and industrial, have unquestionably greatly minimized as a political factor any campaign fight to be made on the conduct of the war.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

W. D.—Engraved cards, announcing the fact that you have just been made a shavetail, are not in order: and, what is more, they entail an expense which a newly-made shavetail, hard put to it to rescue funds enough for a uniform and things, is but ill fitted to bear. The A.E.F.'s printing plant will do all the necessary announcing for you, free of charge, through the medium of general or special orders; and your bars will do the rest.

R.T.O.—The proper wines to serve with an Army dinner are: With the soup course, soup; with the meat course, coffee; with the dessert, more coffee if the tank isn't empty. Hochelmer and other wines of Germanic parentage should be studiously avoided, as they might give offense to some of your more or less pro-Ally guests—which is the kind of guest you will have to get along with for a good while over here, more or less.

T.T.H.—Croquet parties are extremely restful and soothing affairs, but should be staged with discretion, and never within seven kilos of the front line. If there are any people from Philadelphia, Boston or Brooklyn in the group you purpose to entertain, it is better to substitute some other game, as the sight of the old hoops and mallets would make them unbearably homesick.

Give, and the baby buds shall grow
In childhood's sheltered garden plot;
Give, and the coming years shall show
Each blossom a forget-me-not.

YANKS NOW HAVE 400 LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIES

Give, and the dawn of lonesome years
Shall turn to a springtime morning mild;
Give, and receive through a mist of tears,
The blessing of a little child.

405 ADOPTIONS IN FOUR MONTHS A.E.F.'S RECORD

Every Branch of Service Is Represented on Growing List of Parrains

183,819 FRANCS RECEIVED

Aid Has Already Helped to Save Mascots' Lives—15 More Taken in Week

This is "Four Hundred Week" for the War Orphan Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES. The A.E.F. made a break through on Poverty's fourth centenary line of defense this week, flanked the enemy, and is still making progress. The number of children enrolled in the A.E.F. war orphan family reached 405, attaining that total in a little over four months, at an average rate of 100 a month.

It was on March 29 that THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to enable A.E.F. soldiers to adopt as their mascots French children whose fathers, in the stern years that preceded America's entrance into the war, died or were permanently crippled in the common fight for liberty.

The A.E.F. hasn't wiped out, at one sweep, all the suffering that the war has brought to the children of France. It has barely skimmed the surface. Our hundreds seem insignificant in comparison with the tens of thousands of children whose fathers made the soldier's supreme sacrifice. We appear pitifully small even beside the list of children made fatherless since we began our modest philanthropy. But we have done, nevertheless, something real and material and lasting in providing these 405 children of ours with care and comfort during the most critical year of their lives and affording them that chance for the future which, in the doctrine of democracy to which we all are pledged, is every child's right.

Mud and Kids Together

On March 29 THE STARS AND STRIPES didn't have as many readers as it has now. Its present reading public is five times as great as then. Most of the original one-fifth of our circulation became pals with the children of France last winter about the time they were also making the acquaintance of French mud, home-knitted belly-bands and other atrocities of war.

Hence, it is only natural that 90 per cent of the parrains of these first 405 are from the first one-fifth. The other four-fifths didn't have the opportunity to meet the admiring, brave, chummy boys and girls as we of the first one-fifth did and—the worse for them—they probably never will know them as we do. But it is as much to them that this sum-up of work is directed as to the original one-fifth.

The procedure of adoption outlined at the start has been followed and found successful. As originally planned, the 500 francs decided upon as the ideal amount for supporting an orphan a year has been ample under the rules of the plan. At least half of this was to be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months. The vast majority of the adoptors, however, have paid the entire amount in advance.

Paid Out as Needed

The money received has been turned over to THE STARS AND STRIPES Bureau of the American Red Cross, entrusted with the selection and care of the children, and placed to the credit of the orphans selected. It is being paid out for the care of the children as needed. The payments usually are in equal monthly installments.

The total receipt of cash is 183,819.53 francs, which, in American money, is $32,249.04. About 15 per cent of this has already been paid out.

The Red Cross bureau is in charge of a committee headed by Miss Marie Perrin, for several years a member of the faculty of the Ethical Culture School of New York. Miss Perrin is of French birth, and she returned here after the opening of the war to engage in war relief work. Dr. R. R. Reeder, the American orphan asylum reformer and children's authority, is an advisory member of the committee.

At the outset, details were worked out to make the administration of THE STARS AND STRIPES fund a model of its kind.

Twenty Letters a Day

The principal disadvantage of many charities—the lack of personal interest—was overcome by facilitating the means for making the contact between the child and its adoptor as close as possible. All parrains are supplied with photographs of their mascot and his or her address. The children, too, are told the identity of their adoptors. Communication between them is encouraged and letters passing between soldiers and their mascots may be sent to the bureau for translation from French into English and vice versa.

At present, what with the stimulus of the observance of July 4 and 14 and the striking work of the Americans on the battle front, the number of letters translated by the committee averages upwards of 20 a day. This is in addition to many that go direct. Most of the letters are from the children to their adoptors. The parrains, it may be said, are not such good correspondents as their godchildren.

One Child in a Family

Many of these letters are glowing, wonderfully worded expressions of gratitude and hope. They have given their readers an unusual insight into French child life, and, from their tone, there can be no doubt that the interest of the Americans has been an inspiration to them.

So great is the number of needy children, it was decided that only one child in each family would be adopted and that only in exceptional cases will a child who has a mother or other adult relatives be selected, if he is the only child in the family. By supporting one child in a family of several, the others are, of course, indirectly assisted. A compilation made of the first 300 children adopted showed that, in addition to the mascots actually enrolled, nearly 500 others had benefited in this way.

At the same time, it was decided that all children enrolled in the family would be given free medical attention through the Red Cross. Children living near Red Cross medical centers are given a physical examination upon acceptance. Physical weaknesses and tendencies are noted and steps are taken to correct them. This already has resulted in an actual saving of life in several cases. On the whole, the health of the entire A.E.F. mascot family is very good.

Naval Aviators Come Again

This week's adoptions totaled 15, the largest order being from the Naval Aviators at a camp in southern France. Previously, this group of sailor-airmen had taken eight orphans, and this week they requested six more.

From the headquarters of the —— Division came 800 francs and this explanation from Chaplain D. Tannenbaum:

"This amount was collected from the officers and men of this command on the occasion of a 14th of July concert.

"It was felt that concrete expression should be given of the friendship that we bear France, and no more fitting way could be found than by the adoption of a French boy. He is to be adopted in the name of our beloved commanding general as a token of the affection we bear him."

THE TOTALS

Taken This Week

— Prov. Ord. Depot Bn.	1
Hors. — Division	2
U.S. Naval Airmen, —, France	6
Hors. Detch. — Engrs	1
— Const. Bricklaying Co.	1
U.S. Naval Airmen, —, France	2
Lt. L. A. MacPherson, S.S.U.	1
Pvt. Frank A. Doble, Inf.	1
Previously adopted	390
Total	405

By Branches of Service

Here is the number of orphans adopted by units of the different main branches of the service of the A.E.F.:

Infantry	76	Field Artillery	13
Engineers	55	Army Fld Clerks	9
Air Service	46	Q.M. Corps	7
Hospital Corps	39	Marines	6
Balloon Sqdns.	29	Supply Trains	6
Machine-Gun Bns.	29	Signal Bns.	5
Naval Air Force	18	Cavalry	3

The remainder of the adoptions are by units of various smaller branches of the service — Bakery Companies, the Tank Corps, Stevedore Regiments, Auto Convoys, the Graves Registration Service, Naval Aviators and other Navy units, Telegraph Battalions and others—and two score from individuals, including 29 by officers, six by enlisted men; eight from Y.M.C.A. secretaries, five from the United States and one from England.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY

And the children? What do they think about it all? The letters that follow are their own handiwork, unless the mascots are too small to write and have to call on mothers or grandmothers or aunts to express the thanks which they all feel, even if they cannot put it into words.

"Yesterday," writes Lucienne Ballue, from a place that hapens to be one of A.E.F.'s base ports, "I was thinking about you. Your Memorial Day was being celebrated here, and our dead and yours were united in our hearts."

"I am not always a very good little girl," frankly admits Mariette Lafitte, "but I will try to be so to please my father, who can see me, and also to please my godfathers, who cannot see me.

"There are Americans here. When I meet them I say 'Goodbye' to them in English and they answer 'Goodbye' with a laugh. They seem very kind. I should like you to be here. I am learning how to speak English, but I know almost nothing yet. But I do know how to say 'Thank you' to you, and I love you very dearly."

"Hurrah for America!" writes Raymond Ares at the head of his letter, and he begins: "Dear Allies." His father, who was killed in the war, used to run a restaurant at Nancy, but an enemy bomb destroyed it.

"The American soldiers used to do their cooking near me," writes Raymond, "and they gave me all sorts of nice things because I told them that my daddy also was a cook."

"America," writes René le Jariel des Châtelets, "is said to be a very pretty country where trees are much bigger than in France. My aunts often speak about it. Their great-uncle was bishop of Boston over 100 years ago. He was Monseigneur de Cheverouse, who died in 1836, cardinal archbishop of Bordeaux. He loved America." So, apparently, does René, who is not yet 10.

Confiture for Aubin

The parents of little Aubin Robert will be pleased to know that his money has been put in the bank, but not before his craving for confiture was gratified. His widowed mother writes:

My little Aubin is a frail child and needs constant care. It is he who made me smile when I was crying, and I hope he will be happier than I was. He has been going to school for three months, and the first letter which he will be able to write will be for his parrains.

While Aubin is too young to write himself, I shall have his brother write for him. If you think it advisable, I shall take a book at the Savings Bank for little Aubin and tell you what amount I put down in it. As for the rest of the money, Aubin is a little chap who likes jam so much! I shall indulge his taste for this once, as it is not so very expensive.

Here are still other letters:—

Works Well for Daddy's Sake

My Dear Friends:—I was very glad to hear that you are interested in my welfare. I was seven on March 5th. My father was killed at Verdun in 1916 and mother died last year. I am a little orphan who has only his grandmother and a sister, also a widow since the war, who has a little girl, and an uncle who is engaged as interpreter for the Americans.

My father's wish was that I should receive a good education; that is why mother sent me to school rather early. I can read quite well and am already out of the little children's class. My teacher is so pleased with me, as I generally am among the first boys of the division. In remembrance of Daddy, I mean to work well so as to become a bright boy. I am, like all boys, very fond of all games, but I particularly love football and all mechanical toys.

I am very glad that you are going to help me and take the place of my darling Daddy and Mammie, my kind friends of the Company of Cadets, and I promise you to be very good and work hard for your sake. Your little friend,

Robert Cattiaux.

HIS OUTFIT

To Pay Back His Sister

My Dear Parrain:—I send you two words to let you know that I am well and I hope you are the same. I thank you very much for your kind gift and your interest in my sister. I also hope that you have received my picture; you will see that I am a good boy. I go to school every day to learn how to read and write, and when I am grown to go and defend my country. I shall eat well so as to grow strong and tall and to become a well-educated boy, polite to everybody and respectful to old people.

We are living in a refuge, the same as soldiers do, and have to go for our soup twice a day. Well, it is war!

I am a total orphan. Mother died five years ago, and father when war broke out had to do his duty and left us all four; my sister, who is now 18 years old; my brother, who is 16, and is in invaded country, and my other brother, 13 years old, who also is in invaded country with an aunt, and myself.

My father was very much grieved to leave his motherless children. After a stay of three months at the front he came back to see us and afterwards he died. I am living with my sister who supports me, but when I am grown I shall give everything back to her.—Your loving mascot,

Andre Jacquere.

She'll Soon Write Herself

Dear Sirs:—It is with great pleasure that I give you news of my dear little Marie-Louise. She goes to kindergarten every day without grumbling, and she looks forward to the day when she will be able to go to the big school because, she says, "I shall then be able to write all alone to my dear parrains:"

When she hears an automobile rushing by, she runs to see whether it is a parrain American; if a little friend jostles her a bit at play, she immediately talks about reporting the fact to her parrains Americains. She is very proud to be your nascot. I shall give her my place, for she will be happy to scribble a few lines.

With my best thanks I am, dear sirs,

Yours very truly,

Jeanne Patriarche.

My Dear Parrains:—Your loving little ward sends you lots of nice kisses such a long way off to all of you.

Your little Marie-Louise.

Afraid of His Writing

Dear Benefactors:—They tell me I have been chosen as your little ward, and I want to thank you for it.

My dear parrains, I am eight years old and I go to school every day. I learn how to read and write. I only began this year to attend school. Before that time I could not see, but now I must learn quickly in order to help Mother a little, as Father, who earned our bread, was killed at Guerbigny, in the Somme, on March 12, 1916.

At recreation time, I like drilling with my school-fellows, just like real soldiers, and to play marbles or football.

Dear parrains, I like to take walks with Mother, my brother and sisters, and to go and see American soldiers landing. They are all so fine, these Americans!

I also sometimes go to hear your national hymn; I like it very much.

I see that American soldiers are as good as they are brave, as it is for France that you have come to fight in the French army. I read in the newspapers that you are very successful and I hope that the war will come to an end this year and that I shall be lucky enough to come to know you before you go back to America.

I hope you will excuse me for having had my letter copied by my sister, but I was afraid my writing would be too bad.

I hope you are well; as for me, I am the same. Your ward,

Edouard.

Watches Americans Land

My Dear Sponsors:—It is with a big heart that I write to thank you for your kindness in taking me as your little ward.

I am eight years old and go to a primary school; I am in the fourth class. I like going to school very much.

After school, I go on errands for Mother, or else I play with my doll, or a ball, but I like my doll best. I put her to bed and dress her very often.

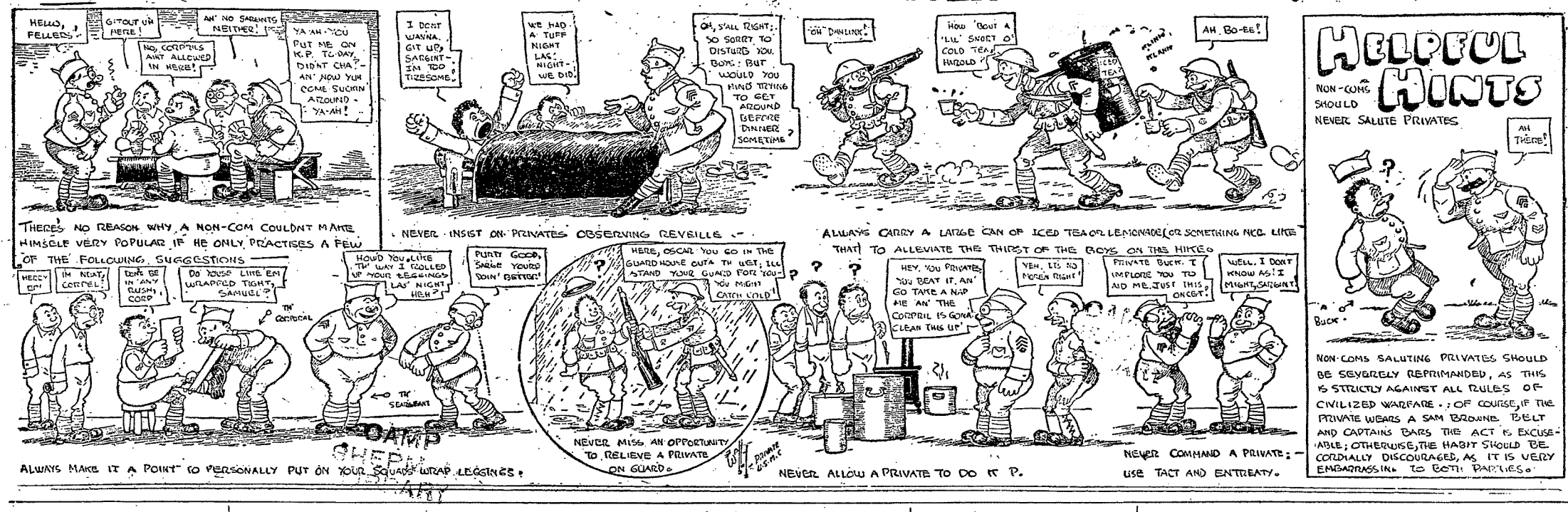
I love going to watch the Americans land; I try to talk to them, but I cannot understand what they say. They remind me of my dear papa, who was a lieutenant of Infantry and who was killed at the Dardanelles on May 4, 1915, leaving mother with my sister Yvonne, who is 15 years old, my brother Charles, who is 13, and myself, and also grandmother, who lives with us and is 86 years old.

I leave off, dear sponsors, with a big kiss for you all and with heartfelt thanks.

Your little ward, who will not forget you.

Madeleine Pelion.

HOW TO BE POPULAR THOUGH AN "OFFICER" —By WALLGREN



TRIBE OF LEBRUN BACK ON HOME SOIL

Father and Two Sons Came to France on A. E.F. Transports

EUGENE, 11, INTERPRETER

Still Another Brother in Training While Fifth Man in Family Builds Ships

He's 11 years old—"goin' on 12," to be exact—and he's won two service stripes.

It isn't possible, you say? Just trot down to Tours and look over Eugene Lebrun, messenger, and interpreter too, for the Q.M. corps. Take in his campaign hat and his O.D. clothes and his regulation leggins. Watch him put out the best salute yet lamped in the A.E.F. Then change your mind.

Eugene came over with his father, Frank Lebrun (born in France, by the way) a good year and more ago—came over in a transport, too, for his father is also a member of the A.E.F., being attached to the post quartermaster at Tours in the capacity of carpenter.

Naturally, when people got to know Eugene they "adopted" him right and left right off the reel. But when he began to show what he could do in writing and speaking the language of his father's native land, as well as the language of the land of his birth and upbringing, they found he was more than a mascot. In short Eugene is a mighty useful citizen.

Another Lebrun Arrives

Along about last December another transport landed in France. It brought over still another Lebrun (also born in France) named Louis, a private in the —— Infantry. And as soon as Louis could get leave, and got the general (he had to go that far) to fix it so he might make Tours instead of Aix-les-Bains, he made tracks to clinch his father and kid brother for the first reunion they had had in four years.

There's another son, Johnny (born in America), now in one of the training camps getting ready to make it a Lebrun quartet in France. And Frank, Jr., the last to leave the family corral at Roundup, Montana, is working in a Government shipyard out on the Pacific coast. So, altogether, from the Old Man down to Messenger-Interpreter Eugene (going on 12 and winner of two service stripes), it looks like a 100 per cent war record for the Franco-American clan of Lebrun.

NEW USE IS FOUND FOR CAMPAIGN HAT

You'll Find Part of It When —and if—You Reach a Hospital

They've found a use for the old campaign hat at last.

No, it isn't to be worn by German prisoners, or handed over to the French Boy Scouts, or even sold to Paris milliners to be revamped and befeathered and called "le chapeau Peurchigne."

It's going to be worn by you, if by any chance you go to a hospital (which we hope you won't unless you want to). And you're going to wear it on your feet, not on your dome.

When the old lid o' the plains was discarded, the salvage department of the A.E.F. saw there was going to be a lot of good felt left on its hands. With characteristic Yankee ingenuity, it fussed around until it devised the scheme of making slipper-soles out of that felt. So with uppers made of O.D. filched from hopelessly ripped pants and blouses, the old campaign hat is going to blossom forth as the basis for the new hospital slipper—thus fulfilling a long-felt want.

CUBA DETAINS RUM SHIP

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—The Cuban Government has detained a suspicious schooner. No, it was not a U-boat feeder. It was loaded with 400,000 quarts of rum. Gotham liquorists are suffering torments of hopeless appetite and demanding intervention.

SHOP GIRLS GOOD FARMERS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Two thousand girls are tilling farms in New York State as part of the land army movement. Many of them are from the shops and similar pursuits, and reports are that they fit in well.

WAR AS THEY'RE WAGING IT SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SOISSONS

An American lying wounded in a wheat field was somewhat taken aback by the spectacle, in slow and stately approach, of a German officer. He was magnificent with medals and he wore a monocle.

Every once in a while his impressiveness was spoiled by a nervous turn of the head and the suspicion of a squirm—just as if someone were tickling his tail with a bayonet.

Someone was, for looking beyond, the wounded American saw a great, big, husky American negro prancing along, showing every tooth in his head.

"Hi-yi, boss," he called out jubilantly, "Ah don' know what Ah's got, but Ah's bringin' it along!"

Mess sergeants are just the same, whether they're in Kansas City, Missouri, or Château-Thierry, France—always suspicious that the whole Army is trying to edge in on their company mess.

The beans ran low—which will indicate the gravity of the situation—in a company that was having its first hot meal out of the lines.

"Three hundred and seventeen men I've fed," finally exploded the mess sergeant. "Three hundred and seventeen! And when we went into line we were only 250 strong. You'd think a company would lose when it's fighting, but it don't. It *gains*."

The American regiments that share in the avalanche which fell on the German line between Soissons and Château-Thierry are groaning under the weight of their souvenirs.

Nearly every man wears a "Gott Mit Uns" buckle on his belt till you would think it was a Q.M. issue on which regulations insisted. Nearly every man carries a German watch, many of them handsome watches shielded by metal trench cases. One doughboy had 14 watches—"time to burn," as he waggishly put it.

Some brandish Luger pistols, and the lucky ones can be seen these days staring into the distance through fine German field glasses and trying to look as much like generals as possible. But the prizes are Iron Crosses. Every Yankee wants to win the Iron Cross in a manner not contemplated by the Kaiser.

While the Franko-Yanko troops were chasing the Germans between the Aisne and the Ourcq, the generals were happily counting the stocks of ammunition and the hundreds of guns that were falling into their hands. But the hungry doughboy, lean from three days on iron rations and not too much of that, was happily devouring the food supplies they found in many a hastily abandoned dugout.

Never before in its history did the American Army eat so much weiner and pumpernickel as it did that great day.

In the midst of the battle one young lieutenant, running into a pal of his, showed him under the flap of his pocket a little gold brooch.

"If anything should happen to me," he said, "try to get hold of this pin, will you, and when you get time ship it back home to my mother."

The other promised, and the lieutenant went his way. He had not gone 20 feet when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The pin is on its way to America.

The captain looked suspiciously at his left trench-shoe.

"A machine gun bullet went through the heel near the Marne," he said, "and yesterday another went straight across my foot between the sole and my stocking. It didn't do more than scorch me. But if thy hit this darned shoe again, I'm going to get a new pair. They seem to think I'm Achilles."

A tattered doughboy, too new from battle to have been either shaved or deloused, was exhibiting an ornate and ugly revolver he had taken from a German officer.

"I'd like to have that," said an Artilleryman. "Us guys are so far behind we never get a chance at any good souvenirs like that."

"Take it," said the Infantryman, "it's yours."

"Why," demanded the Infantryman's buddy afterward, "did you give that revolver away?"

"Aw," said the doughboy, "we'll be going over the top again in a week or so, and I'll have a chance to get all I want."

To those who hung about France through a long, monotonous winter of wondering if the American Army would ever get started, there is something startling in the occasional discovery of a young Infantryman who sailed from New York as late as June 12 and yet went over the top with the veterans on July 18.

On a dusty roadside near the front a line of empty trucks were halted at various rakish angles, their wheels caked with mud. The drivers snored in the seats or lay stretched out in the wheatfield alongside. Everything was still save for the distant boom of the guns and finally the rat-a-tat-tat, not of a masked machine gun, but of an unseen typewriter.

A passerby trailed the sound to the interior of one of the trucks, and within saw a soldier sitting in the throes of composition, his bandaged foot resting on a sack of oats.

"You poor stiff, do they make you do paper work way up here?"

"Paper work, hell!" he replied affably. "I'm writing a letter to my girl."

One young lieutenant who was grazed three times by shrapnel was finally so badly wounded in the leg that he had to be carried to the first aid station. Later, he was put into the first truck going to the rear, and when he saw them lifting in a friend of his who had collapsed from shell-shock, he volunteered to hold him in his arms.

The lieutenant got his fifth wound when a shell came out of space and struck and killed his friend as he was cradling him.

Listing prisoners is always interesting work.

Ernst Herman wore the insigna of an aspirant. In his pockets he had the epaulets of a second lieutenant. His period of probation over, he was to have become a lieutenant the next day. Had he been captured 12 hours later, he would have been an officer and—he wouldn't have had to work all the time he remains in captivity.

"Kaiser," said the next prisoner when asked his name.

"Holy Smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy who brought him in, "I've captured the man show."

"Kaiser," repeated the prisoner, "Conrad Kaiser, and I'm 36 years old."

Up to the time that Germany's dwindling man-power caused the military finger to beckon him, Kaiser had been a college professor.

"Will they send us to America?" asked the next prisoner, an artillery captain. He was told that "they" wouldn't, and expressed regret.

"I had decided to go to America after the war anyhow," he explained. "There is nothing more for me in Germany. My father and mother were killed by an air bomb and my two brothers died in action. I'm the only one of the family left."

The American ambulance sections attached to the French Army are the boys that have the pets, it's so easy for them to carry a mascot around. But one of the sections has had bad luck with theirs. Now they have a puppy chosen because its coat is a perfect olive drab.

They have tried dogs before and angoras. They have tried foxes. One was named Minna and was run over. One was named Pinard and died a quarter of an hour after they had bought him from a poilu. They had paid 15 francs for him. Too expensive, they thought—a franc a minute.

It must be admitted that Pinard died of drinking cognac. And the moral of that is——

This didn't happen to an American, but it made some Americans gasp, and boosted the blue coats one more notch in their estimation.

A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he went up in his bulby sausage and remained there unperturbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to his parachute.

The Boche airman, not content with destroying the sausage, pursued the Frenchman as he floated down, pumping bullets at the outspread umbrella. And the Frenchman coolly drew his revolver and answerer the Boche's fire.

TO AID LUMBER WORKERS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, August 1.—Colonel Bryce P. Disque, famous for his success in handling difficult labor situations in the woods, has completed plans with the lumber operators of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana for arbitration between workers and employers.

The plans include conferences, the open shop and the eight-hour day now and after the war.

HUN PRISONERS LEARN A WHOLE LOT OF THINGS

Paris Is Taken, Austrians Close to Rome, Submarine Winning

AND THEN THE AWAKENING

"Germany Has No Chance," Says Captured Officer, Told We're Million Strong

It must be great to soldier in the German army. If there isn't any wheat for bread, they make it out of potatoes, and if there isn't any tobacco, they make it out of alfalfa or four leaf clover or something. Nothing to worry about, at all.

If there isn't any good news, they make that for you, too.—Austrain victories, British and French defeats, capture of Paris, sinking of the American Army by U-boats—anything for your peace of mind.

Of course, if the French, who are beaten, and the Americans, who can't get to France, put over a barrage with guns captured by the Germans last spring and make an attack when they haven't any men to attack with, it is disconcerting. But the delusion keeps you contented while it lasts.

It was a rude surprise the thousands of Germans got who fell into American hands in the first Franco-American offensive. That they should be attacked, with the war supposedly almost won by Germany, was unbelievable. That the Americans should do it—well, that was impossible.

News Made Like Coffee

The prisoners' blissful and almost unanimous ignorance of the war situation as it is was striking and frequently ludicrous. The same governments and the same kultur which roasts acorns and calls the product coffee manufactures news with equal facility. Defeats become victories; checks are advances. Final victory is just ahead.

It may be said, though, that, despite all the colored accounts of operations and misinformation that has been doled out to the German soldier, he is beginning to be dubious. His morale isn't what it was earlier in the summer. According to his schedule, the war ought to have ended by this time in a German victory—and it hasn't. But he still clings to a lot of strange ideas.

A group of prisoners, representative of the big bunch taken by the Americans below Soissons, filed before an American examining officer.

One of them a private blandly explained that the German advance guard already was in Paris and the whole German Army hadn't followed because it was thought that France would ask for peace terms without that being necessary.

"That is why we weren't expecting an attack," he explained.

"Austrians So Successful"

Another declared that a slight reverse on this front didn't make much difference because "the Austrians have been so successful." He believed the Italian Army was defeated and that the Austrians were marching toward Rome.

There was a general belief that Paris had been evacuated because of German artillery fire. Many were convinced that the new long range guns, firing 700 shots a day into the French capital, as they believed, had made it untenable.

"How many Americans do you think are in France?" a German non-com was asked.

"An army corps," was the reply. "I know there are that many because my division has met them every place it has been for the last three months."

The victory news spread through the German army isn't always the same and it isn't always consistent. Different units seem to have their own optimistic version of how things are going, and the beliefs do not stop usually with the enlisted men.

Blind Faith in Submarine

The average German officer, of course, is not laboring under the hallucination that Paris has been taken or that Italy is defeated, but many of those taken by the Americans do believe that long range guns have made Paris uninhabitable. Nearly all are convinced that the United States has only a few divisions in France and cannot put an army here because of the submarines.

Among the German officers examined were two who realized the situation and whose statements were enlightening. Both had lived in the United States. One was a captain who had lived in Chicago. He had been a staff officer until a few weeks ago, when he took command of a company.

"At our headquarters we received the report that there were a million Americans in France and other confidential information about the arrival of troops from the United States," he said. "We made up our minds that the number was about correct."

"What did your staff think of the news?" he was asked.

"It scared them stiff," he answered.

"No Chance"

The second officer was a first lieutenant. His name is Franz Schroeder, and he said he had worked for an American scale company for 12 years in New York. In 1915, he went to Hamburg on business for his firm and says he was forced into the army.

"I don't know how many Americans are here," he said. "We have heard many reports. Some say that many have been sunk crossing the Atlantic and that only an army corps is here, but there is a growing impression in Germany that the submarines will not hold back the American Army—that there are hundreds of thousands here already."

"There are a million Americans in France," he was told.

"Then," he said, "Germany has no chance."

ARTILLERYMEN WILL KNOW

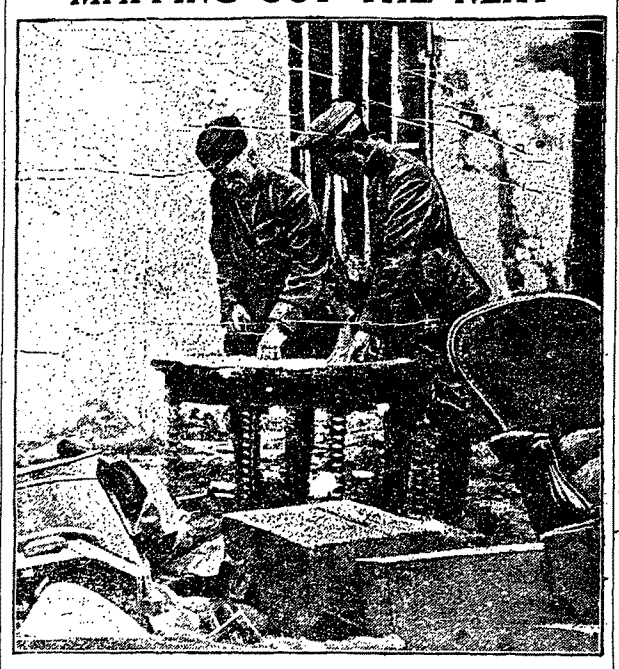
A raw-boned doughboy who had served two years in the infantry had suddenly been shifted over into the Artillery.

Minus any extensive mathematical training, he had spent about four weeks attempting to grapple with mils, deflections, aiming points and the like when one day he appealed to his captain for a transfer back to the infantry, where he could trade the 6-inch for a rifle.

"What for?" the captain asked.

"I wanta get back, sir," he answered, "to a game where I can carry my deflection in my hand."

MAPPING OUT THE NEXT



WOMEN WAR WORKERS HAVE PARK IN TOURS

Y.W.C.A. Leases Island in River Loire—Hotel Also Running

Primarily for the benefit of women war workers, but open to all American, French and English women in the vicinity of Tours, the Y.W.C.A. has leased a young park of its own, at the westernmost end of the Ile de Simon, the pretty little islet set in the middle of the Loire.

Already the new recreation ground has been christened by an informal picnic, has been further tested by another basket lunch party, and has been pronounced "bully," "*tres gentil*" and "a little bit of quite all right," according to the nationality of the participants.

It is planned to level off a portion of the land on the island and place tennis courts thereon as well wired as the front line trenches so that cotton-and-rubber spheroids won't be wafted down the Loire to the seashore and beyond, and thus become likely prey to the U-boats, for Germany is woefully short of cotton and rubber.

It's too bad, some of the more athletically inclined women say, that the island isn't big enough for a golf course; but, with a real good golf course right there in Tours, there doesn't seem any need of it.

Tours, too, now has a hotel run on the American club plan—with an entrance fee, etc.—for the benefit of American and British women who are working with the A.E.F. Already there are about 140 permanent guests.

What the name of the new ladies' park is going to be is still a moot question, with the guessing contest open to one and all. At the hour of going to press the favorite was "No man's Land."

CHAPLAINS THREE ALL WANTED JOBS

And It Wasn't the Hospital's Fault That They Went Without

Three Red Cross chaplains, three abreast, came marching on an undefended American Red Cross hospital somewhere in the Z of A. Going into the administrative office, they lined up, and their spokesman said:

"We have been assigned as chaplains to this hospital. When do you want us to begin work?"

The orderly in charge scratched his head.

"Why," he ventured, "all the officers are out just now. You see, we only opened up the other day, and there's still a lot to be done, but——"

"Well, we can go in and see the patients, can't we?" persisted the smiling spokesman. "We've been regularly assigned, and all that."

"Why, I suppose so," the orderly came back, still scratching his head, "but——"

"But what?" queried the spokesman politely.

"Well," the orderly answered, rather sheepishly, "you see, we's only got one patient in here now, and if three chaplains fell on to him all to once, he might think he was a serious case and die of fright!"

RECEIPT SYSTEM FOR COURIER MAIL

New Bulletin Hints at Possibility of Delivery by Airplane

A system of "hand-to-hand" receipting for courier mail in the Army has gone into effect.

Receipts will be given for all envelopes and parcels deposited in courier service distributing offices, and receipts will be required from each person handling such matter. All receipts on delivery must show the initials, surname and rank of the officer or enlisted man signing for the envelope or parcel in question.

In the bulletin announcing the inauguration of the strictly applied receipt system, it is stated emphatically that the courier service will be restricted to "urgent and confidential written communications requiring careful treatment and handling," and to "urgent official parcels of such size and weight as can be carried safely by the means of transportation provided." Persons transacting business with couriers are asked to do so as expeditiously as possible.

The possibility of the extension of the courier service to permit of delivery by airplane is also touched on in the bulletin.

CHOW

AFTER FOUR YEARS
(To Germany)

Four eternal years ago this balmy August morning,
Something must have busted loose within your well-known bean;
Four eternal years ago we read where you were horning
Into France and Belgium with the van of your machine.

First we rubbed our startled eyes and said we must be sleeping;
This could never happen in the sort of world we know."
Yet four years ago today your endless lines came sweeping
In a march as countless as the drift of winter snow.

There the world lay at your feet—and who was there to guard it,
Up from mountain height above along to reedy tarn?
Who was there to meet your drive—to rush in and retard it?
(I wonder if you've ever known a river called the Marne?)

Four eternal years ago your shrapnel fell in fountains,
Where your big guns blasted out the road for your advance;
Yes, their thunder crushed the walls *and shook the rugged mountains*—
But you found they couldn't shake the mighty heart of France!

Yes, you started something, Fritz, if you want the credit,
Yes, you opened quite a pot, taken by and large;
Only in the days ahead, don't forget we said it,
When the guns are after you with their last barrage.

Do you still think "Might is right" through your waning power?
What has Kultur left to you along the *roads* you've known?
What—except a swirl of ghosts, growing every hour,
Adding to the coterie around your Kaiser's throne?

Once you drank unto "The Day"—does it look as splendid
As it did four years ago upon your first advance?
On the level, Heinie, now, don't you wish it ended?
Don't you wish you'd never seen the highway into France?

Four years ago today the Germans were on their way towards Paris. They are still on the way—but not towards Paris.

"We will bring peace with our shining sword."—Wilhelm. At which point some unfeeling bonehead came in and woke him up.

LEMONADE SERVED ON EDGE OF BATTLE

Salvation Army Beverage Helps to Quell Fever of Wounded

MOSQUITO NETTING, TOO

And the War Doughnut Is Present in Force, Just As You'd Expect

When the wiping out of the Soissons-Rheims salient becomes a mere incident in the growing list of German victories that might have been, there will probably be no item better remembered by men who were wounded while on that little job than the item of lemonade.

One division in particular will thank the Salvation Army with pocketbooks open for the carload of juicy yellow Italian fruit that happened to be near enough to Soissons and to Château-Thierry to make a real Yank drink for Yank wounded available in the thick of things.

The S.A. had been looking forward to hot weather, drive or no drive, and they were getting ready to substitute real lemonade, with rinds and everything, for the old reliable chocolate or the doubtful pinard. The water supply was none too good, and when a man is hit, he wants something to drink as soon as he can get to it.

Everybody to the Barrels

So when the doughboys and the Artillery and the Signal Corps began sending representatives back to visit the dressing stations, the Salvation Army came to the fore with those Italian lemons, beaucoup sugar and barrels of clean, cold water which they brought up on a Ford delivery truck. Every Yank that got within range of that lemon threw away his cigarette and made a dive for his tin cup.

The doctors say that a good many who couldn't walk, and who couldn't make a dive for their share, are going to live and go back to the States because they got a drink that killed their fever when they needed it most. Lemonade is a life-saver to wound-fevered men, and this particular lot turned some good tricks for the surgeons.

Another thing that was imported for use in the emergency was mosquito netting. When the need for protection against flies was apparent at the evacuation hospitals and dressing stations, the Salvation lassies sent to Paris and got all they could.

Then, too, the doughnut batteries more than scored on this latest strategic retreat of Fritz. Two little Salvation lassies fed 28 lost, hungry doughboys in a bunch, less than six hours after first starting their refreshment station. Battle smoke could not blot out the cheerful smell of frying nor shell-fire drive away the allure of the luscious sinker.

"They came up like camions, unlimbered like 75s and were in action in nothing flat," said one grinning Artilleryman. Which is what a Franco-Yanko might call "some liaison."

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